

With Everybody In, the Legion Will Win. Pay Your Dues

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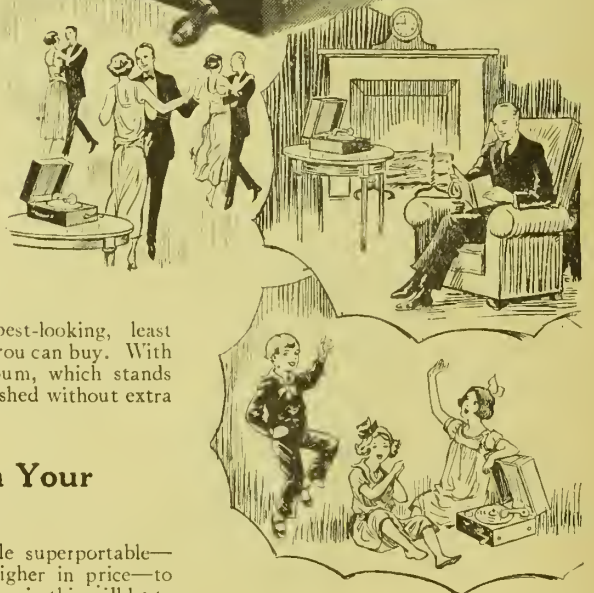
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To give you a chance to see this little superportable—to compare it with machines much higher in price—to appreciate what a really sensational bargain this will be to you, we have evolved a plan whereby we can bring this machine into your home on five days' trial, *free*. You can play it at home, take it on a trip—put it to every practical test you care to impose—all, mind you, without any obligation.

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New Kind of Hat

Worn 10 Minutes a Day

Grows Hair

in 30 Days

—or No Cost



No matter how thin your hair may be this remarkable new scientific invention is absolutely guaranteed to give you a brand new growth of hair in 30 days—or it costs you nothing. Don't send a cent. Just mail coupon below.

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., N. Y.

I HAVE perfected a new invention that I absolutely guarantee will give you a new head of hair in only 30 days—or the trial costs you nothing.

This new invention—the result of an experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness—is in the form of a new kind of hat. It is worn on the head just 10 minutes a day. No unnecessary fuss of any kind. Just put the hat on your head. Wear it 10 minutes. And that's all there is to it.

Sounds impossible, doesn't it? All right. Then let me emphasize this fact. I don't care how thin your hair is. I don't care how many treatments you have taken without results. Unless my discovery actually produces a new growth of hair on your head in 30 days, then all you need do is tell me so. And without asking one question, I will instantly—

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How It Works

My invention is entirely different from anything known or used before.

It proves that in a big percentage of hair troubles the hair roots are NOT dead, but merely *dormant*!

The reason ordinary measures failed to restore hair is because they merely treated the surface skin. My new invention goes further. It gets right to the *cause* of most hair troubles—the starving dormant roots.

Your hair grows just as a tree grows—from the roots. To make a tree grow you wouldn't rub "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would nourish the roots. And my invention provides, at last,

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No Risk of Any Kind

At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., which I founded, stage and social celebrities have paid as high as \$500 for the results secured

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Remember—I don't ask you to risk a cent. I realize that my treatment will not grow hair for EVERYBODY. There are some extreme cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But my new invention has already grown new hair for so many hundreds of others who had long ago given up hope that I am willing to let you try it entirely at my risk, and if it fails then I lose—not you.

Free Booklet Explains Invention

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow," describing my new invention in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of hair—and in addition shows what my treatment is doing for thousands of others.

No matter how nearly bald you are—no matter how many treatments you have tried without results—this booklet will prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail. ALLIED MERKE INSTITUTES, Inc., 512 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 224, New York City.

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"I have been bothered with dandruff for twenty years and had lost nearly all of my hair. I have used your treatment 30 days now and have a good growth of hair coming in. I cannot say too much in praise of the Merke Treatment."

C. H. B.

"Treatment positively shows quick results. After five weeks' treatment a new growth of hair has shown on each side of the temple, where I have been bald for years."

C. B.

"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment. I can't say enough for it. It will do everything you claim it to do."

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"After using the Merke Treatment as per your instructions, my scalp is now showing improvement daily, and I think in time I will have more hair than I had two years ago. I was practically bare on the top, but now it is gradually filling in from the back."

J. S. W.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.
Dept. 224, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow," describing in full detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

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(State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs.)

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City.....State.....

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PAGE 5

THE author of this article is a Frenchwoman who married an American sergeant and came back with him after the war to make her home in America. That was in 1919. Nearly five years later she returned to France to visit her relatives and her old home. Herewith are recorded in her own words the experiences and impressions which she gained on this memorable journey



The WAR BRIDE Goes Back

I BEGAN to realize that I was going back home again when from the deck of the French boat Rochambeau we sighted the green cliffs of the French coast near Le Havre. I was almost sick with emotion. I wanted to say something, do something, and yet I was unable to answer the thousand questions shot at me by my little daughter. Everybody—I mean the French people on board—seemed to feel the same way. Laughter was strangely choked and many pairs of eyes were twinkling with happy tears.

After the wearisome hours of standing in line for medical and passport inspections we were at last left free and not long after I was comfortably installed in a first-class car of a French train with my baby at my side. That was real this time. I had to look and look to make sure that I was not dreaming. I was not, though, as we were crossing beautiful Normandy and nothing around was anything but typical French. But my little girl, the darling, how American she looked to me that very minute with her black taffeta

dress, her little panties of the same material showing a wee bit underneath and her great big black bow of ribbon on the top of her blonde hair (and I am so dark)—how American all that was going to seem to folks and friends! How was everybody going to like her?

Paris! St. Lazare station turmoil. I hailed one of the same little Renault taxis that I had left over four years ago and in a minute we were dashing in the crowded junction of the Grands Boulevards and Place de l'Opéra. How everything seemed good to look at!

Our hotel was situated in the busiest part of Paris at the junction of Boulevard des Italiens and Boulevard Montmartre. We obtained a small but clean room with bath adjoining for the sum of eighteen francs a day. At first that price seemed enormous to me, but after that the thought came to my mind that

it was just about one dollar at that time and I had been paying four dollars at a hotel in New York. It made quite a difference and I began to understand why so many Americans spend their vacations in France.

Half an hour after my little daughter and I were strolling on the Boulevards in search of a good place to eat and had no trouble to find one. We had a splendid meal for the sum of seventeen francs, just a dollar, but we had to pay extra fare for drinking water instead of ordering wine. Rather different with U. S. A.

We walked back to the hotel half

dizzy to see and to hear so much French and pretty soon were ready for a real night of sleep in a real French bed.

The sun woke us up in the morning and almost at the same time came in my eldest sister to whom I had sent a wire announcing my arrival in Paris. She had been crying all the way up to my hotel and I had quite a time to persuade her that I had left a perfectly healthy and loving husband and that no troubles had happened in my household.

Paris the Delightful

THE following days were days of dream. Of course I am a great lover of Paris and I do not think there is another town in the world just like it. Americans felt that attraction as from the Café de la Paix to the American Express it was an all American district all the months of July, August and September. Lots of them, I suppose, came to forget the difficulties of the law of prohibition in U. S. A. as the cafés were just crowded with them all day long and part of nights. Drinks, drinks everywhere. The cafés had tables set to almost the curbing. They sure had a wonderful time. It was really the only crowd who had it, too, as the French were too poor to keep pace with them.

Just out of the Bois de Boulogne we saw a regiment of young poilus just returning from a five days' march, tired, dirty, dusty, but singing. I had not seen any French soldiers since I left for America over four years ago and all the war remembrances came back to me so suddenly that I felt almost scared to death and a cold chill ran through me. They had put on the old horizon blue uniform and they were laughing, singing "Madelon," of course, and men, women, boys, girls and dogs were following and I felt that I was the only one who had become older. As I turned round to go on I saw, standing by me on the curbing, a man garbed in a shabby suit, holding with the only arm he had left a little girl, just about the size of my own. He was blind. The little girl was trying to tell him about the regiment that just passed by. On his coat one could see all the decorations of the war, but his expression was the calm one of the man who feels that the price was too high to pay and I felt terribly discouraged. How can this one or his girl ever forgive or forget?

I could not help to notice at every ten steps men with wooden legs or mechanical arms or blind or disfigured with horrid scars. The streets, cars, stores and offices are full of them, and right there is the striking contrast of the magnificent stores of Rue de la Paix with their valuable displays. Diamonds! The jewelers had simply filled up their windows with diamonds. I never saw so many of them and so beautiful ones. There, too, most buyers were Americans.

Paris, Paris. I have once more seen you just as you are, poor and millionaire, virtuous and vicious, treacherous and patriotic, but I love you just the same, just as you are, just as a beautiful jewel.

The day after I was leaving for Bordeaux, the real home town where I was going to see the rest of my folks, my school friends, my old cat and everything that was home.

Sister, brother-in-law, nephews,

nieces, uncles and aunts, cousins and friends and everybody who knew me, they were all at the station to meet me. It seemed to me that half of the station was waiting for us. Everywhere I looked I could see a friendly face. I was half dizzy and my little daughter was about scared to death with so much demonstration of love. Somebody was holding her. My coat, my grip and my umbrella were in possession of others. I could not have known who was talking to me, as they were all talking at the same time. One thing I got, anyway—that my girl friends complimented me on my clothes and my daughter's. That seemed so funny to me that I asked them if they expected me in an Indian outfit. Well, not precisely, but they had seen some American women travelers who looked so ridiculous to them they were a bit afraid I would look like them. On that point everybody was satisfied. They all agreed that I had not changed a bit in four years and they all fell in love with my baby, which flattered me immensely.

I had to answer a great many invitations at dinners, and at every one I had a real pleasure at attending it. The old folks specially. I just love them. After a wonderful meal they would sit down and expect me to tell about all my experiences, and you could see they would just drink my words.

Well, how is it in America? Everything goes with electricity, of course. Women do not have to work, they just spend their life riding or playing golf. To the French mind there is no poverty over here and everybody owns a car and has lots of money. If I happened to say that I lived in Los Angeles, then I had something to talk about. "What is all about that moving picture town? We do not pass a week without reading something about it." Or some others would ask me, "Well, what did they do with Fatty Arbuckle? Where did he get his liquors? Is America really a country of prohibition?"

A Pepless Bordeaux

BORDEAUX? The old Bordeaux has lost its pep. It is quiet, very quiet. The American boys had brought life and songs and laughter and love and took all that back with them and the old town has gone to sleep again. The big Y. M. C. A. on the Allées de Tournay has turned once more into a café. On the contrary, two or three big cafés have turned into small banks. There is no more American crowd. I should say there are no Americans in Bordeaux but two or three managers of Ford factories. The American Express bank has closed its doors for good. Everything seemed dead to me, but my old friends did not think so and they are convinced that the town has grown prodigiously. Think of it, four or five big new buildings have gone up since I left!

One day I happened to be at the Place St. Genet at the moment when two street cars came to a stop. A crowd alighted from both and proceeded to cross the Boulevard and get in a Valence car. As I stood there my thoughts flashed back to the same scene four years ago, only before the two same yellow cars came to a stop the wildest bunch of khaki boys would have jumped out of them from everywhere—front door, back door, and even win-

dows and, racing across the boulevard, would have got into the Valence car like a cyclone and in a second it would have been full inside, outside, on the railings, on the bumpers, even on the top, at the greatest indignation of the woman conductor who used to try, but in vain, to make them get out. It was surprising how the Americans could understand certain French expressions and no others.

Ah, Those Americans!

AT that time the French and specially the Bordelais thought they were an awful unruly bunch, but now that feeling has gone and there is only a very happy remembrance with a little tinge of regret when the people talk about them.

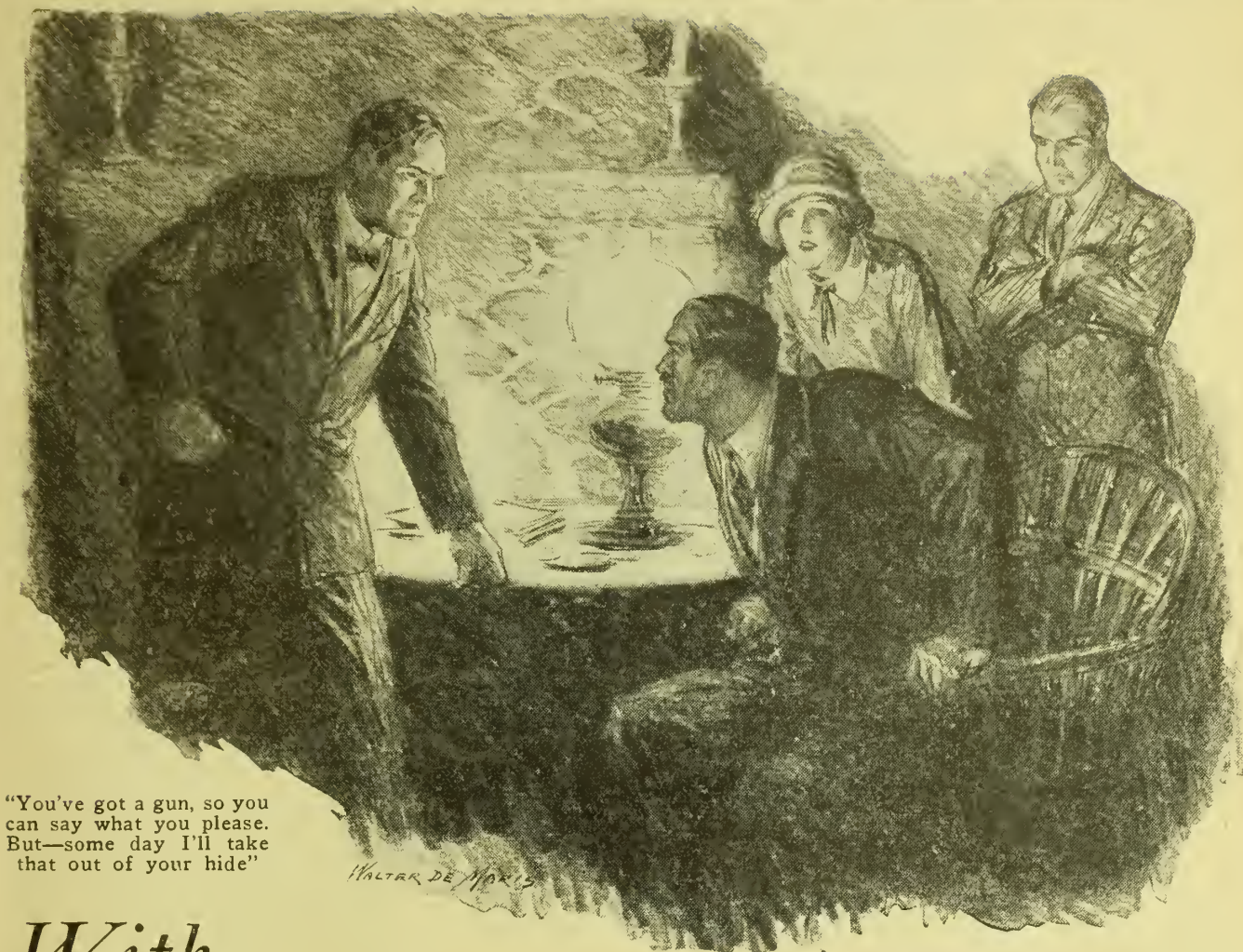
If their remembrance has stayed with the memories of the people, it has also left its trace about the town. The Lycée is once more a school for boys and the surroundings have been transformed in a very pretty park, but some of the buildings of the American hospital are being used for the school. Many little eating places around and in town have also kept their American names. You can also see on the Valence Boulevard a French-American garage with the freshly painted sign, "Brown and McSwinney"—sounded so much like U. S. A. to me.

France is poor of gold right now but full of courage and good will. They all have to work very hard to get just the necessary stuff of life, but no one is unemployed. There is plenty of work for everybody. There is no inside quarrels or division of belief. I hear more in one week here in America about the Ruhr occupation and war and Germans and League of Nations than I heard in my three months' stay in France.

Everybody I have talked to had very peaceful ideas. They all hope to come to an understanding with Germany before long. No one is thinking of starting another war and the contrast is striking between the French spirit the American papers are talking about and the real one I have found at home. In Paris, in Bordeaux and in the country, way back on the farm, I have found the same spirit—work hard, live economically, but they intend to be paid, too, and on that they'll never weaken.

The end of my vacation caught me almost unaware and I found myself packing up for the long journey back to the new home in the new country. The parting was much harder than the first one. Everyone of my people and friends had already got the habit to see my girl every day and now I was leaving again, and it was one of the biggest emotions of my trip.

In the train speeding us to Paris sat a young man who did not seem very Frenchy to me in spite of his blonde mustache, and later on I read on his grip after his two initials, "Shreveport, La." That was all, but that was enough. That was the real end of it. All America had come back to me with those two words. I was going back to the other home. The new one. The only one that meant my real family. I felt immensely blue at the thought of the old one I was leaving behind and that I was now burving in my heart. Dear old southern France will never know how much love I still have for its people and how much I enjoyed to be one of them once more!



"You've got a gun, so you can say what you please. But—some day I'll take that out of your hide"

WALTER DE MARIS

With PRIVILEGE *of* STOPOVER

XI

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrations by Walter de Maris

"ALL set?" said Bill Patterson. "Then I'll speak my little piece. After which, Mr. Hornaday, I promise you that we'll all be good while you talk. Just as you're going to be still while I chatter now, aren't you, even if you're bored?"

Vice-President James Hornaday, of the Midland Railway, who was not only a very big man indeed among the big men of the railway world, but was so built that even Mr. Dempsey might have hesitated to annoy him, nodded reluctantly. The biggest man in the world is at a disadvantage in the presence of an Army automatic when that weapon is held by one who looks as if he knew how to use it and wouldn't hesitate to do so—and that was the case in which Mr. Hornaday found himself.

"There are lots of little things that aren't quite clear to me, right now," said Bill. "So I'll just stick to facts—and later you'll elucidate, Mr. Hornaday. You'll be just as frank and open as you are before an investigating committee first, and then maybe you'll

get religion and tell us the whole truth, just for good measure. Wayne—you listen in on this.

"My name really is Patterson—William Patterson. That's why a telegram you probably know more about than I do was delivered to me last week on the Twentieth Century, Mr. Hornaday. You know the one—about Governor Winston, and that he'd better be eliminated Saturday night, on the train. Your people used a pretty good cipher, but it wasn't quite good enough.

"I thought I'd better let the Governor know about it—I happened to be staying at the same hotel in Chicago. But it was—well, there were difficulties about explaining." He glanced at Barbara, and took some satisfaction in seeing the way she flushed.

"So I changed my ticket, and went along with them, just to see fair play. And your little friend Garvin was upset when I saw him and his playmate throw the Governor off into a snowdrift

and sent me after him. He made a mistake then, though—he's sorry for that now, so you mustn't hold it against him. He forgot that the people who were expecting the Governor weren't expecting anyone else—so the Governor gave me some hints, and I disappeared. If you happened to think Miss Winston looked a little doubtful while you were telling her whatever fairy tale you'd made up it may have been because she and I had had a talk in Seattle. Garvin guessed that as soon as he saw me tonight—but you didn't know, of course. As a conspirator you're a good railway man, if you ask me!

"I CAME on down from Seattle to see how things were at the Governor's house—and—but you know what I found there. And Galloway—you know Galloway, don't you?—and I had business up here. That's the way things happen. You've had rotten luck—I'll



"Put your arm around me!" she ordered. "This isn't affection—it's for comfort I want it. Now—good night."

say that for you. Getting some one to impersonate the Governor was a good idea. Everyone would have believed that he had let you get away with your rate fixing scheme. But—I don't think they'll believe it now. Because your governor's just as hard to find this minute as the real one—and no one's seen him around the capital, except people who know, by this time, who he really was!"

Bill was watching Hornaday every second as he talked. And it takes a very clever man indeed, when he is in Hornaday's case, completely to hide his mental reaction to what he hears.

"AND now!" Bill's tone changed; it became harsh, so that Barbara jumped, and Wayne, unconsciously, stiffened. "You'd better come clean, Mr. Hornaday! Where's Governor Winston?"

"You through talking?" said Hornaday. Bill nodded. "All right! You can go straight to hell! Sorry, Barbara—but that's the word."

"Don't mind me," said Barbara. "But that's old stuff, you know, Mr. Hornaday. It seems to me Mr. Patterson's got the high hand."

"Think so—do you?" Hornaday swung around and faced her. "My dear girl—I've been trying my utmost to protect your father. You know how long we've been friends. I want to see him in the Senate—I'm prepared to go a long way toward helping him to go further than that in politics."

"Not a thing has been done, not a

move has been made, in this whole affair, that your father and I didn't plan and discuss. Your friend here means well, probably—but that lets him out. If this thing has been hopelessly messed up you can thank him. I'm a business man—a railway man. The time has come when we who are trustees for the railway systems of this country have got to meet fire with fire—when we've got to protect the properties for which we are responsible.

"I've never blamed your father for the demagogic attacks he's made on us. We've understood one another perfectly from the start. If it had been possible for him to see openly that we got fair treatment he would have done it. If he had done that openly his political career would have been ended. Just as it would have been ended if we had believed that he seriously intended to cripple the railways by the legislation he sponsored and the rulings his commission made at his dictation. We—"

"Look out," Bill suggested. "You're wandering right into a blind alley—"

Hornaday turned on him.

"Oh, you can see that, can you?" he said. "There's hope for you—that's an indication that you possess some gleam of human intelligence! The whole country's been moving down a blind alley for years! Men who definitely take the stand that the business of the country must be protected and strengthened can't be elected to office any longer. We all know that. Well—can't two play at that game? Do you suppose the men who are responsible for the safety of vested interests—of billions of dol-

lars in capital—are going to allow men to be elected who deliberately intend to destroy those interests?"

"I'd like to see an election honestly fought out between a frank conservative and an honest radical—if there's any such animal! I wouldn't be afraid of the result myself—it would be 1896 all over again. But I'm only one man. And what we've come to feel is that our best chance is to see men go into office who know how to pander to the crowd that's down on all business—but who'll behave themselves once they get in. Men like—John C. Winston. He—"

"That's a lie," said Barbara, suddenly. Her face was white; she stood up, and there were tears of anger in her eyes. "My father—"

"YOUR father is an honorable man. He is my friend. He is a statesman and a patriot. He has intelligence enough to know that in some cases the end justifies the employment of means it would be unwise to adopt openly. And so—"

Hornaday shrugged his shoulders. Barbara stared at him, her face working, her eyes wretched.

"I can follow you a long way on that trail," said Bill, very quietly. "I did—in fact. I may seem young and innocent, but I really wasn't born yesterday. I followed the trail you've just been pointing out all alone, all by myself. Until it led me right up against the man you sent to Governor Winston's house, knowing his daughter was away, to impersonate him—a man who did his work so well that he deceived even the servants. And right there I found out what you haven't admitted yet—that, no matter what arrangement you'd worked out with Winston, you were out to double-cross him."

"You can think that if you please!" said Hornaday, with a short laugh. "In fact—I don't know that I care a damn what you think! You can keep me covered until you get tired—which you will, sooner or later. Because, when you come down to it, you can't do a thing to me—and you know it!"

"That," said Bill, "is, I regret to say, substantially true. I can't shoot you—although I've an idea shooting would be rather too good for you. And I can't lick you, man to man—at least, I'm not sure enough that I can to try. But I can, you know, talk."

"So I've noticed!" Hornaday sneered. "I can talk to newspaper men," Bill went on, unruffled. "I can start—"

"SOMETHING you can't finish!" said Hornaday. "My good chap—what the devil will your talk come to? Suppose you can prove this ridiculously melodramatic story of yours? I agreed to this plan, by the way, largely because it was so grotesquely improbable that if something went wrong people wouldn't believe it. But suppose, for the sake of argument, you can prove it. The only sufferer would be Governor Winston. We—I and my associates—are supposed to have horns and cloven hoofs, anyway. They can't say anything worse about us than they do already. Whereas a scandal like this would end Winston's career forever. Of course, if you want to take that chance—!"

Bill nodded. This was a dangerous
(Continued on page 20)



Before the war Dirt Farmer F. B. Whitlow was a druggist down Carolina way. The Navy graduated him as a disabled buddy, and after treatment at Fort Bayard he took up a homestead. In the offing are Mrs. Whitlow and the heir to the Whitlow estate, both planting beans

The Dry Battle of New Mexico

By Robert Mountsier

FOR a moment turn your mind back six years to sunny France with its rain, mud, rain, mud, rainy, muddy, muddier, muddiest. Mud in the road, mud in the lines, mud in the chow, mud in the blankets. Mud every day everywhere.

Now come back to earth, dry earth, in northern New Mexico, in the section west of the Rio Grande canyon, where there isn't any rain or mud worth speaking of or cussing at except once or twice a year. Perhaps that is the reason why a little group of ex-service men reconnoitred the region back in 1919, and, finding no water, dug in and sent out word for reinforcements, with the result that today, after much water hasn't flowed under their bridges, one hundred and fifty soldiers and sailors of the World War are established there in a homesteaders' colony, with American Legion posts at Taos Junction and Tres Piedras.

At least half of these veterans are waging a losing battle against nature for a living, and some twenty, victims of tuberculosis and German gas, are fighting for life in the open instead of in the hospitals for the disabled. The sunshine and the dryness of air and earth may help—though the point is debatable—the sufferers from lung and throat trouble, but the scarcity of water and beaucoup sun do play havoc with the crops and cattle.

The sky can be so cloudless that even a German bombing plane would be a relief, and the country is so dry, the old timers say, that if you want dried beef you just go out and slice it off the first steer you come to. Old Lady Braz says, sez she: "I never seed the like in all my born days in Kansas. Here the well's dry, the cows is dry, the irrigation ditches is dry, there ain't no

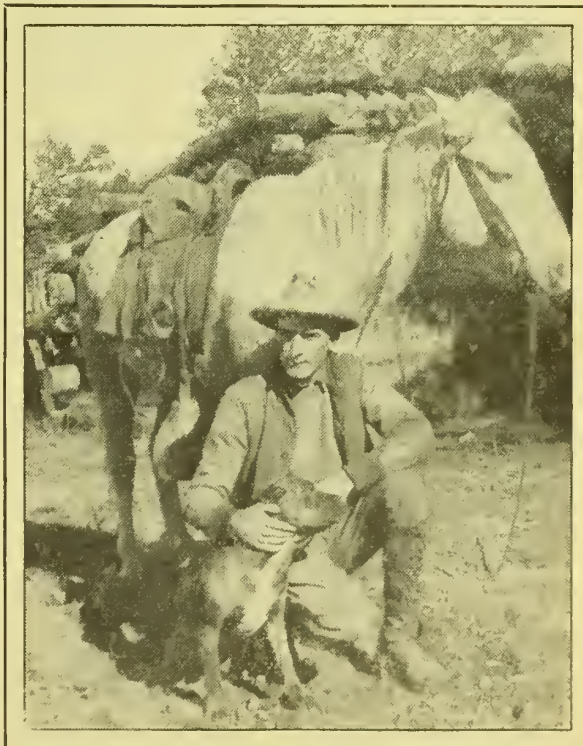
water in the arroyo, there ain't no water anywhere except 'way down in the Rio Grande canyon or 'way up on the mountains in snowballs. The chickens ain't layin', the garden's fairly burnin' up, an' what ain't burnt the bugs is eatin'. It never rains in this country when it ought to, an' it always rains when it oughtn't, an' then the ground's so dry that the water soaks through to them heathens in Asia. Now back in Kansas—"

Anyway, of the four ex-service men who discovered the dry country west of the Rio Grande and south of the Colorado border only one, E. L. Rugger, stuck it out. However, before the United States Government opened up the district for entry about twenty-five others had joined him. When homesteads in the district could first be filed on in 1920 ex-service men had first choice, and quite a number grabbed up claims, but many of the original homesteaders have become discouraged and gone off north, south, east and west to places where water runs out of pipes and next door isn't three or four miles distant.

The Government's allowance to veterans of up to two years' credit on the three years' residence requirement has

not compensated for the scarcity of water and the consequent failure of crops. No crops have meant no money, and no money has meant get out, except for those who had no money with which to make their exit and those who

(Continued on page 18)



Frank R. Jendricks, also a former patient at Fort Bayard, is now a homesteader and commander of Tres Piedras Post of the Legion

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

That Service Pay

WERE the men who defended this country during the war given or merely loaned what they received each month? Let us see.

An enormous sum was raised to carry on the war. It was not donated. It was loaned. Today it is being paid back cent for cent. Every twelve months we pay those who loaned the Government that money about one billion dollars in interest. And the ex-service men are contributing liberally.

In other words, the ex-service men are now paying back the money which was loaned them when they were risking their all to protect the lenders.

And there are people who are opposed to the Adjusted Compensation idea!—ALEXANDER R. ROBB, 646 10th st., Brooklyn, New York.

Why Refer Them to Washington?

DECENTRALIZATION in the Veterans Bureau is not yet a reality. We have been led to believe, from time to time, that the authority to deal with the intimate claims of veterans in the several district offices had been granted by the central office. Those of us who are interested in rehabilitation know that this is purely and solely a theory. Too often are we confronted with the fact that the decision of strict importance to the claimant's immediate physical condition must be referred to Washington for final decision. This means unwarranted and sometimes fatal delay.

Claims which have once been allowed and service connection which has been made in the district office should not be disallowed or discontinued by the central office on pure technicalities and on hair-line decisions. The intent of Congress in enacting legislation for the benefit of veterans was that its provisions should be broadly construed and that any doubt should accrue liberally in favor of the claimant.

Is this always the policy of the central office? The actions of some officials of the Bureau often lead us to feel that salaries are being paid to these men to conserve rather than to expend the funds allotted to the Bureau for the benefit of the disabled.

Why is it necessary to obtain specific authority from Washington for burial every time a Bureau beneficiary dies? The man at the central office can't visualize the individual case. And, besides, when a soldier dies, he's dead. The personality is of no interest at the seat of the Government. The district manager should be empowered to authorize proper burial in case of any death in his jurisdiction.—JOHN C. VIVIAN, Chairman, District No. II Rehabilitation Committee, Denver, Col.

A Gold Star Pilgrimage

THERE is now on foot a movement aimed at giving next of kin who are entitled to wear a gold star a trip to France. The more affluent of those who gave a son or a husband in the war have, in most cases, already been overseas to see the graves of those they love. But there still remain a number who, for obvious reasons, have never had a chance to make the long, expensive trip.

The movement was started by the Gold Star Association of America, whose members are endeavoring to induce the United States Government to furnish the necessary transportation. The total expense of such a trip—even though every gold star mother, wife and father in the country were to take it—would not be great. And even if this were not the case, Congress should make the appropriation necessary to finance it.

No one knows how many gold star wearers would like to take that trip. The War Department wishes some more or less definite information on this point. For this reason all gold star mothers, fathers and wives who wish to go to France are requested to send their names and the names of their deceased sons or husbands and the names of the cemeteries where they now rest to the Gold Star Association of America, care of the Guaranty Trust Company, Madison Avenue and 60th Street, New York City.

We may differ on other questions, but we will not differ on this one. Wearers of the gold star who want to go to France should be given the trip. The Government should send them gladly.—J. C. KECK, New York City.

Who Gets This "Bonus"?

THE ex-service men—the men who formed a bulwark of their bodies and saved America in time of peril—may get a "bonus." Then, again, they may not. Even should the Adjusted Compensation bill finally become law, no one individual will receive very much.

But there are some men in America who are going to receive a bonus; and it isn't going to be a small one, either. Also, it will be given to them by the same Government that is at present haggling with the men who saved the country—the same Government that is constantly saying, "We can't afford it!" The men who are sure to get a bonus are the wealthy men of America. They are going to receive hundreds of millions. What they get will not be labeled "bonus." It will come in reduced taxes, increased profits.

Truly, there are times when there's truth in the old Biblical saying, "To him that hath shall be given."—LEA K. SUTER, Chicago, Ill.

A Fable With a Moral

IT was in a small city in South Dakota where there is keen competition between the two local orchestras.

"Why don't you join the Legion, Jim?" the post commander asked one of the rival leaders.

"Oh, I don't know. For one thing, I don't get any of your dance jobs," was the reply.

Jim's reason gave away his hand. The commander, an ex-top-kicker, might have answered him: "Well, if that's your attitude, you will never get any jobs from us. We don't sell Legion memberships to the highest bidder." But he didn't. The responsibilities of peace had endowed the p.c. with a supply of diplomacy. So, instead of flying off the handle, he had a quiet, straightforward talk with Jim on what The American Legion stands for. He dwelt on the fact that service, and not private gain, is the basis of membership. And the truculent jazz artist promptly signed up.

Incidentally, Jim now gets his full share of the Legion business.—JOHN VALENTINE, William Reaves Post, Huron, South Dakota.

TO reflect more accurately the opinion and sentiment of The American Legion, the occasional use of this page is offered to the readers of the Weekly, who, through their membership in the Legion, are also its owners. Contributions are subject to abridgment and the Weekly assumes no responsibility for opinions expressed in them. They should be addressed to the Editors, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

ONE of my readers evidently thinks that this should be called "the weekly bunk page." As I have not his name and address the only way to answer him is in print.

His is the first anonymous one among the many letters I have received since I started this page. Almost invariably they have been friendly. I like to receive them. Coming from veterans in all parts of the country they bring in draughts of suggestive patriotic spirit in the mail bag which makes me feel that I am still in the A. E. F. They tell me that readers are getting something worth while out of the page and that means that I am getting what I want to get out of it.

The envelope in which this anonymous communication came was postmarked from Texas. And Texas is not anonymous on the map, nor were some Texans I knew anonymous on the map of the Argonne. Perhaps the writer was with the other Texans in the Argonne and he gave the Germans his share of the anonymous missiles which served notice on the enemy that it was a mistake to try to stop our advance when we had set our minds on reaching the Meuse. At least, that is how I like to identify him.

He objects to my views about Adjusted Compensation, very decidedly so. Across one of the pages of "The Things That Count" he wrote with a blue pencil in a large bold hand: "All bunk! I was in France twenty-two months, and I was well paid."

I am glad that he was. It makes him feel well—so well that he might have added his name. Possibly his pencil point broke, and he had no time to sharpen it; or he would not sign because he had no red pencil and he signs heavy bombardments only in red.

Or, let us consider that he is a busy man, and not the one to waste words. He read that page and determined to demolish it at the least possible waste of energy.

"All bunk!" That finished me. When he added the phrase about himself his modesty may have prevented him from being personal to the point of self identification. For you can never tell about this anonymity business.

I AM reminded of a story of the early days of the British army in France when the unprepared British were rushing up anything that looked like a gun in answer to the hectic calls for more artillery.

A British gunner had succeeded in getting an ancient piece up within range of the enemy. He had only one shell on hand. It was an ancient, rusty, truculent appearing shell that looked as if it had been stolen from an arms museum and had no choice between friends and foe.

So there was no telling what it would do to the gun or the gun crew, not to mention the enemy. But curiosity must be satisfied. It must be passed off on the Germans if possible. So the gun was pointed in the general direction of Berlin, the gunners said their prayers, and then the ancient shell went hoarsely and protestingly screaming on its way.

"The war is won. Now, will you Boches be good?" said the officer commanding who had a sense of humor.

"But maybe it didn't explode—maybe it was a dud," said the natural pessimist of the crew.

"We got it off our hands, anyway, without exploding at the breach or blowing up the gun," the officer replied, "and that makes me feel as grand as if I had wiped out the whole German army, single-handed. If it was a dud they can't prove it on me. My name wasn't on it."

The anonymous writer got his shell off, anyway, apparently without injuring himself. Maybe it was the terrific recoil that

knocked the pencil out of his hands just as he was going to sign his name.

"All bunk!" It is easy to say. We all say it at times when we are sure that we are right in our views and do not want to waste time, and again we say it when it seems a good deal of trouble to prove that we are right.

"All bunk!" Lawyers could say that before the United States Supreme Court and then sit down having in their own minds demolished the arguments of the opposing lawyers, although we fear not in the minds of the judges.

"All bunk!" Presidents and governors might give this as a reason for vetoing bills.

"All bunk!" a member of Congress might say in opposing legislation. A Congressional debate might become an interchange of shouts of "All bunk!" This system would reduce the bulk of the *Congressional Record* and simplify all controversies.

ONCE I lived in a mess with a man who exclaimed "All bunk!" to every idea and argument that was presented. Apparently he judged the world to be made of bunk. One day, by a concerted plan, the rest of us gave him the floor, and he was encouraged to vent his opinion on all manner of subjects which he did with a finality which settled them for good and all.

"Thanks," we told him when he was through. "Now, our curiosity has been satisfied. We all know where we get off and what we must think in future. Hitherto, you have told us what is bunk. Now you have told us what is not bunk. It's very kind of you."

But he got mad, just because the rest of us were trying to be agreeable. "Bunk!" he exclaimed automatically. There is no pleasing some people.

Now this anonymous writer, in answer to my views, for which I had given my reasons, might have begun his letter by an account of his service whose value I do not question, and have said:

"I came out of the war well. I have prospered. Personally I feel that there is nothing that my country owes me. Personally I do not want and will not accept Adjusted Compensation."

Signing his name and giving his reasons would have been the part of fellowship to the men with whom he had served and whom he wanted to bring around to his views.

And possibly he might have gone a little further than thinking that what he thought other ex-service men should also think and as he is all other ex-service men must be. He might have gone so far as to say:

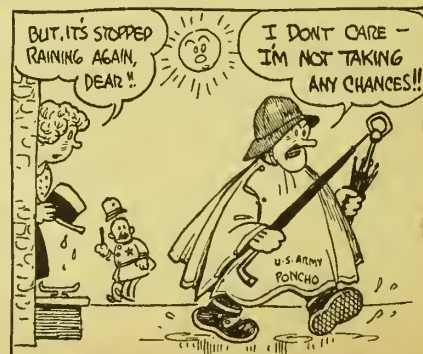
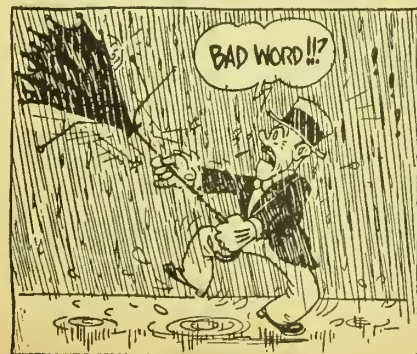
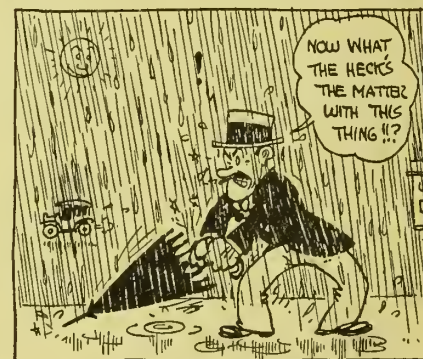
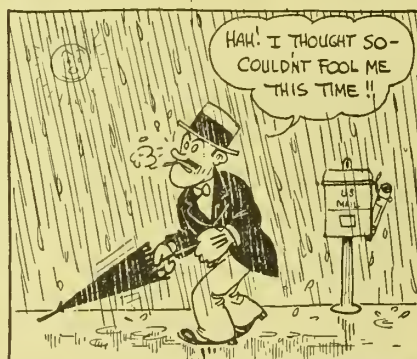
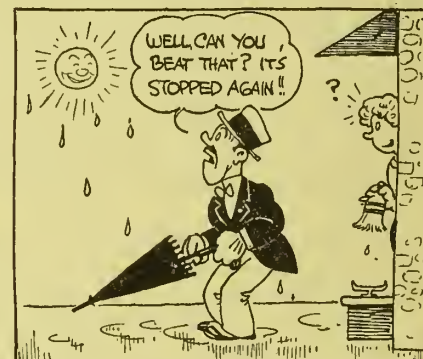
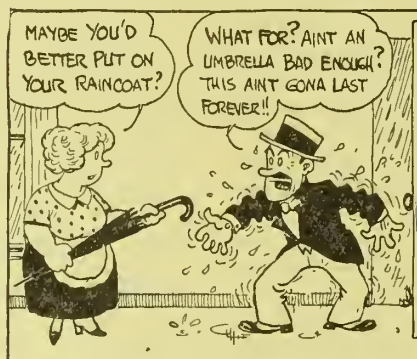
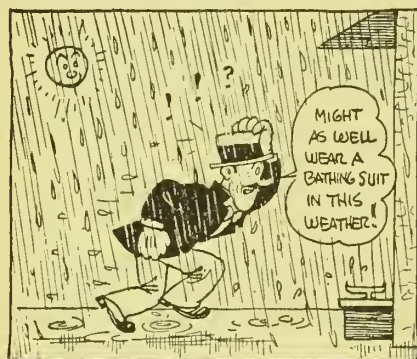
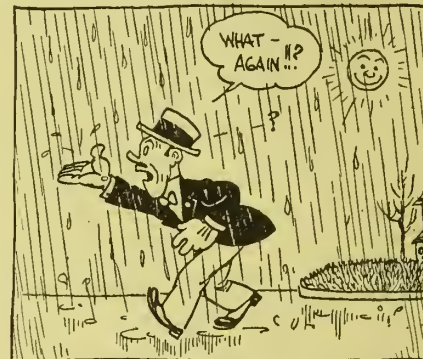
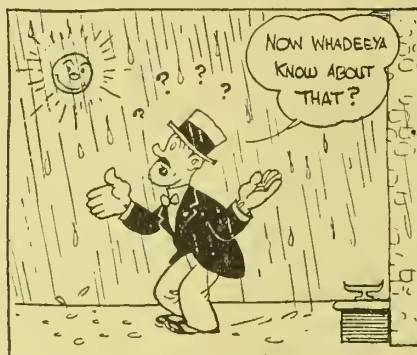
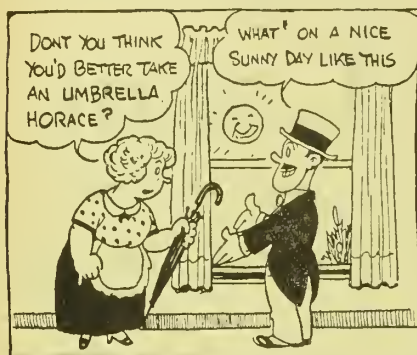
"I was pretty lucky to come out so well. Maybe some of the other fellows didn't have my luck and are working just as hard as I am. I knew them in France. I do not forget. I'm not going to shout 'bunk' at them, but talk it over with them."

When you have been lucky—and I have been, myself—then is the time to think about others; and when you think that they are wrong then is the time to be considerate of their views if you want to bring them around to yours.

The fact is that this anonymous writer and I disagree. That is all. It has happened in the world before. So do millions of his countrymen disagree with him. They will disagree with him all the more if he has nothing more to say than "Bunk!" although he uses pencils of all the colors of the rainbow. In another letter from an ex-service man opposing Adjusted Compensation—I have had only two—the writer gives his name, his service and his post. He says that, anyway, I do not write anonymously. No, this page is not behind a smoke-screen.

April Showers

By Wallgren



The Story of a Lost Million

Treasury Department's Failure to Be on Lookout for Bargains in Investment of Funds Is Costly to Veterans Bureau—*What's the National Anthem?*—Two Things Congress Will Do for the Disabled

WASHINGTON, March 31st.
MORE than a million dollars have been lost to the holders of government life insurance policies during the past twenty-one months through the disadvantageous investment of surplus insurance funds by the Treasury Department. Director Hines of the Veterans Bureau has brought the matter to the attention of Secretary Mellon, and it is expected that an early decision will be reached whereby in the future the insurance funds will be invested in government securities which will produce a larger yield of interest. The resulting increase of revenue will be applied to the reduction of insurance premiums through the payment of dividends to the policyholders.

The Secretary of the Treasury is charged by law with the responsibility of safeguarding and investing the surplus funds of the insurance division of the Bureau. These funds increase at about the rate of \$2,000,000 a month, which is the excess received in premiums over the amount that must be paid out each month in the form of death claims. Most of us veterans are on the sunny side of thirty-five yet, and we aren't dying off very fast. But we are paying premiums on our government insurance and this money is being put by the Treasury at the rate of \$2,000,000 a month so that it will be on hand twenty or twenty-five years from now when we will begin to die off and when it will be needed.

Inasmuch as the Secretary of the Treasury can put—and has been putting—this \$2,000,000 a month out at interest, the sum total of the insurance fund is piling up in impressive style. Already it totals about \$115,000,000—all salted away in good government bonds bearing interest. In fact, the fund is piling up faster than need be even to take care of the heavy drains which will set in about fifteen years hence. This accounts for the fact that the Government is handing back some of this money every year to the people who paid it in. This is the how of the dividends to policyholders.

IT is in connection with investment of this \$2,000,000 a month that the loss of a million dollars has occurred. Officials of the insurance division of the Veterans Bureau have checked up on the Treasury Department's activities in this regard and claim that if the Treasury had been on the lookout for bargains it could have placed the insurance money to better advantage over the period of the past twenty-one months and made it earn about a million dollars more than it will earn. All of the Treas-

ury's investments during the period in question have been in Liberty Bonds or in United States Treasury Bonds maturing in 1952. The contention of the Bureau—and figures are produced to support it—is that the Treasury has paid more than the market price for the bonds, and has purchased certain issues arbitrarily at times when other issues would have afforded a larger return on the money invested. It is also charged that the 1952 issue has been favored over other more remunerative issues, in particular the Federal farm-loan bonds, the purchase of which with insurance fund money was authorized on March 3, 1923. These bonds bore a rate of interest of 4½ percent at the start and now they bear a rate of 4¾ percent, yet none of them have ever been bought with the insurance funds. Liberties and 1952 bonds pay 4½ percent.

The insurance officials of the Bureau have been particularly desirous that the insurance money be invested in the higher interest bearing farm bonds. They insist that at least seventy-five percent of the \$2,000,000 a month that goes over to the Treasury Department for investment should go into these issues. This is the main bone of contention in the controversy between the Treasury and the Bureau which now seems on the road to settlement in a form which will result in a more profitable investment of the insurance funds.

The Treasury Department, of course, has its side of the story. The Treasury has general charge of and responsibility for the government revenues and the Government's securities. The Treasury's statement is that it has tried to use the insurance money to stir up slow moving issues and promote the welfare of government securities generally, even though this might not mean invariably taking advantage of the best money-making opportunities, from the Bureau's point of view. Generally speaking it is difficult to quarrel with this argument. It is also difficult to quarrel with the Bureau's point, which is that every veteran's dollar should be as profitably invested as possible every time. Especially will it be difficult for veterans to quarrel with this point of view since the veterans are the beneficiaries of such a policy.

The whole incident, therefore, may be cited as an example of the watchfulness of the insurance division of the Veterans Bureau to advance the interest of the holders of government policies. Government life insurance is as good as any insurance in the world, and it is considerably cheaper than the insurance that is offered by private companies because the Government is not in the insurance business for profit and the private companies are; they

have to be. Gradually, very gradually, the veterans seem to be finding this out. The number of policyholders increases slowly from week to week and month to month; much more slowly than one would think for in view of the advantages government insurance possesses over the insurance offered by outside companies.

I am satisfied that if Congress would let the Veterans Bureau spend a few million a year advertising government insurance as private company insurance is advertised, and putting agents out on the road as the private companies do the sales would boom. But either the tax-payers or the policyholders themselves would have to pay this bill. In the old line companies it is the policyholders who pay, and that is one of the reasons old line insurance is more costly than the government article. Congress, however, seems to have no intention of appropriating money to advertise the virtues of Uncle Sam's insurance. This is one of the reasons I try to print an item about it once in a while. The insurance is all right. It's too good a thing to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air.

Where the Disabled Come In

LEGISLATION for the disabled is taking shape, and soon there will be something definite to report. For the past three weeks the House Committee on Veterans Legislation has held hearings daily, and at all of these hearings the Legion has been represented by Chairman Watson B. Miller of the National Rehabilitation Committee and by Edward McE. Lewis of the Legislative Committee. The Legion is working to get through the Johnson bill, so called because it was introduced by Representative Royal C. Johnson of South Dakota, chairman of the veterans committee. This bill is an omnibus affair, consisting of thirty specific amendments to existing legislation.

The most far-reaching of these is an amendment opening government hospitals to all world war veterans, whether or not their disability is a result of service. The most important of the amendments is that providing for the extension of the "presumptive period of service connection" in tuberculosis and mental cases from three to five years. At present a tubercular or mentally afflicted veteran, no matter in what distress he may be, is not eligible for treatment unless he was examined and found to be afflicted within three years after discharge. It is hoped to get these two items through Congress before it recesses in June, possibly at the expense of postponing action on other parts of the bill until Congress

(Continued on page 18)



FAIR AND FLEET

—Here's the aggregation which won the girls' relay race at the annual games of the Massachusetts department of the Legion held in Boston recently. Left to right they are: Misses Edna Forsell, Madeline Maguire, Gertrude Whelan and Ethel Vincent, all of New York; Alta Cheney of Haverhill, Mass., and Rena McDonald of Boston. Miss Cheney added to her honors later in the afternoon by winning the girls' 50-yard dash

Florida Wins Lindsley Cup for Membership Renewals

FLORIDA has won the Henry D. Lindsley trophy for 1924. According to figures of the Legion's National Treasurer, it enrolled 93.27 percent of its 1923 membership before March 1st, the closing date of the competition for the cup offered by Past National Commander Lindsley.

Mr. Lindsley, in donating a trophy to be awarded to the department securing the highest percentage of membership renewals by March 1st, had hoped that all departments might be induced to campaign for membership records in the first three months of the year, and the National Treasurer's figures show that as a result of the competition membership has been boomed in a great many departments. Nineteen departments on March 1st had renewed more than fifty percent of their membership of the preceding year, and fourteen additional departments had signed up more than one third of the total number of members they had in 1923.

In Florida, twenty of the 63 posts of the State obtained for 1924 more members than they had on their rolls at the end of 1923, and one post, Winter Garden Post, exceeded its 1923 membership by 336 percent, thereby winning a special cup offered by the Department Commander.

Below is shown Miss Lillian Duncan of Cambridge, one of the numerous personable girls who took part in the athletic games of the Massachusetts Legion Department. Last year Miss Duncan, then only 13 years of age, won the girls' 50-yard dash. This year was another story, but Miss Duncan can afford to wait until next year's contests. The meet annually attracts as many noted athletes as the longer established Boston Athletic Association games

The Florida campaign lasted only thirty-six days and the department increased its membership from 1,500 to nearly 5,000.

The Department of Mexico was second in the competition. It had 92.27 percent of its preceding year's members signed up when March 1st arrived. Wisconsin won third place, with a percentage of 78, after a campaign in which many of the largest posts of the State went over the 100 percent mark. Oregon was fourth, only half a point behind Wisconsin. In Washington a twenty-nine-day fight through Miami and St. Petersburg made the best showing of the larger posts. February brought more than half the 1923 membership and gave the department fifth place.

Presentation of the trophy to Florida will take place soon, although a public presentation will follow at the Sixth National Convention in St. Paul, at the time of awarding other trophies, such the D'Olier and MacNider cups.

Standings of the departments which enrolled more than fifty percent of their 1923 membership before March 1st were as follows:

Florida, 93.27; Mexico, 92.27; Wisconsin, 78; Oregon, 77.5; Washington, 69; New Zealand, 67; South Dakota, 66; Tennessee, 65; Vermont, 64; Alaska, 63; South Carolina, 62; North Dakota, 60; Iowa, 59; Virginia, 57; Wyoming, 55; Kentucky, 54; Ne-

vada, 53; New Hampshire, 52, and Idaho, 50.

A second membership cup has been offered by Past National Commander Lindsley. After seeing the Legion activities in Old Mexico as a guest of Tampico Post and Mexico City Post, he provided a large silver cup to be contested for by the posts in that department of the Legion.

Globe-Encircling Air Flight Headed by Legionnaire

THE interest of Legionnaires in the progress of the four American airplanes which hopped off from Seattle, Washington, during March in an effort to circumnavigate the globe, will be increased when they learn that the commander of the flight, Major Frederick L. Martin, is an active member of the Legion. Major Martin has been one of the factors in the success of Rantoul (Illinois) Post since 1921, during which year he assumed charge of Chanute Field, Air Service, United States Army, located at that city.

Martin has been in continuous service in the United States Army since September 25, 1908, when he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Field Artillery. During the World War he advanced to the rank of Major and was in charge of the Supply Division, Signal Corps. He assumed command of Chanute Field in July, 1921.

Major Martin's plane is a Douglas cruiser, a 600-h.p. Liberty-motored bi-plane. Starting from Seattle, the 25,000 mile journey will be via Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, Kamchatka, Japan, China, Indo China, India, Persia, Turkey, the Balkans and France to Hull, England. The route across the Atlantic will probably be via Iceland, Greenland and Labrador. The return to this country is expected in August or September. The actual flying time is estimated at 300 hours or an average of about 80 miles an hour.

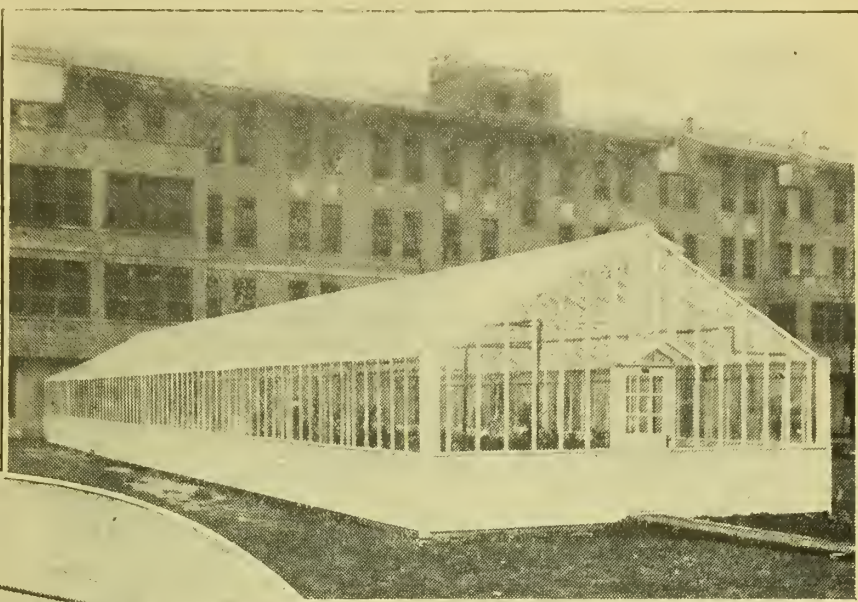
One small item of Major Martin's equipment is of particular interest—a leather bill fold presented to him by Rantoul Post and containing his 1924 Legion membership card.



Legionnaire Frederick L. Martin,
Major, Air Service, U. S. Army

Auxiliary Gives Greenhouse to Help Hospital Patients

ONE day a patient at the Veterans' Bureau Speedway Hospital, near Chicago, got some flower bulbs as a present. It was spring. He took them out on to the hospital grounds and planted them. They grew and blossomed. The patient got well. Dr. R. E. Francis hit upon the growing of flowers as an admirable way of keeping the attention of veterans off mental and physical ailments. Summer planting was encouraged. But winter planting was impossible. He mentioned this one day to Miss Katherine Kermec, rehabilitation chairman for The American Legion Auxiliary Department of Illinois. She told it to the Cook County Council of



The \$4,000 greenhouse the Auxiliary presented to the Veterans Bureau Speedway Hospital at Chicago. It's twice as big as was planned, as the goal set by the Auxiliary was \$2,000. The lower picture shows the interior of the greenhouse on visitors' day



the Auxiliary. Could flowers be grown the year round? Yes, in a greenhouse. So the Auxiliary women of Cook County decided to give the Speedway Hospital veterans a greenhouse.

Dr. Francis said a greenhouse would cost \$2,000. Each Auxiliary Unit in Cook County set out to get a share of \$2,000. Before the money was half raised Legionnaires got interested. Various posts wanted to contribute. They were permitted to all right. And finally, when the Auxiliary went to Dr. Francis with money to construct a greenhouse, they had \$4,000, instead of \$2,000. A greenhouse double the capacity of the one planned was built.

Legion Leadership Provides Thrilling Toboggan Slide

GORDON-BISSELL POST and its Voiture of La Société des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux started something in Keene, New Hampshire, when they called a meeting of all citizens, which resulted in the formation of a Winter Outing Club.

Promptly carpenters began work on a toboggan slide which, from its taking-off place far up on a hillside to its landing chute in the valley, measures 518 feet. All winter long, while snow covered the rolling, pipe-clad countryside, Legionnaires and others shot the long slide at airplane speed. Past National Commander Alvin Owsley visited the slide during the winter and had

the thrill of his Texas life when he traveled the chute with its two breath-taking dips in six seconds. School children have used the slide continuously.

The Keene voiture of the Forty and Eight had accomplished a truly noteworthy work when the toboggan slide was in operation. For several years the Chamber of Commerce in its city of 11,000 had been trying to organize winter sports, but without great success. Previous efforts to construct a toboggan slide had failed. When the Forty and Eighters took up the problem this year they hired a contractor, who had built a number of these structures, and rushed the work to completion. The Boxcar boys are in right with the people of Keene.



Legionnaires and other citizens go zipping down this 518-foot toboggan slide at Keene, New Hampshire, in five or six seconds. Keene Voiture of the Forty and Eight organized a Winter Outing Club to make this community amusement possible. Now the city is quite worked up over winter sports and the Forty and Eight gets the credit

Weekly's Editor Resigns to Join Staff of Judge

HAROLD W. ROSS, editor of The American Legion Weekly for the past four years, has resigned to join the staff of Judge. Mr. Ross assumed charge of the Weekly's editorial destinies in the spring of 1920, when the Legion's official publication, following its removal to Washington owing to the printers' strike in New York in the fall of 1919 and its subsequent return to New York, reappeared in "fatigue clothes" after a four weeks' AWOL period.

Mr. Ross, who at the outbreak of the war was with the San Francisco office of the Associated Press, enlisted as a private in the 18th Engineers (Railway) and was among the first hundred thousand to reach France. He was transferred to the Officers' Training School at Langres and subsequently, in February, 1918, to the staff of *The Stars and Stripes*, official newspaper of the A. E. F., where he became chief of the paper's editorial council. Private Ross originated the war orphan fund which *The Stars and Stripes* fostered so successfully that more than two million francs was contributed by probably half a million members of the A. E. F. to "adopt" 3,567 fatherless French children.

Paris Post Wants Names of Stranded Veterans

ANY of the service men of the A. E. F. who were discharged in France and have since found the going hard may get back to the United States by communicating with the Paris Post of The American Legion. The American Aid Society has requested information from the post concerning stranded ex-members of the A. E. F. in order to help them back to their homes. This organization hopes that during 1924 it will be able to furnish transportation to all such ex-service men and their families. Anyone who knows of an ex-service man abroad who is in distress is also requested to communicate with the Paris Post, whose address is 16 Avenue de Wagram.

Lower Poppy Price to Help Make Welfare Funds Larger

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS has notified all departments of The American Legion that Legion posts are afforded an extraordinary opportunity to obtain funds this year through the sale of poppies supplied by the National Emblem Division. The price of these poppies has been reduced to two and one-half cents each, which is the actual cost to National Headquarters without figuring overhead for handling and other expenses. Inasmuch as poppies are ordinarily sold by posts at ten cents each, this permits a profit of seven and one-half cents on each poppy disposed of.

Most posts assign the profits obtained from the sale of poppies to the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee, which is carrying out the Legion's orphans' program. Others finance their activities for the relief of the needy, disabled or to provide comforts for men in hospitals. A booklet, "Planning Your Poppy Sale," may be obtained from Department Adjutants. It contains practical suggestions for conducting the selling of poppies and the use of the profits obtained from the sales. Orders for poppies should be addressed to the Emblem Division, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 West 43d St., New York City



Stage Manager: "Go forward man; can't you hear them crying, 'Author! Author!'"
Timid Playwright: "J-just so. B-but what are their—ah—intentions?"

Logic's Last Ditch

"You don't mean to tell me you married Elsie Spender?"
"But I do—I mean I did," replied the optimistic bridegroom.
"Why, you poor boob, your salary won't even buy her breakfasts!"
"Ha! ha!" laughed the optimist. "That's where I've got you. My Elsie won't get up for breakfast!"

Against Nature

Uncle Dick had finally persuaded little Donald to run an errand for him, much against Donald's better judgment. For it was dark, the errand took him near a cemetery, and Donald had an honest fear of ghosts. But when Uncle Dick explained how easily ghosts themselves were frightened, Donald took courage and started forth.

He was back, breathless and errandless, inside a few minutes.

"I saw a ghost!" he yelled.
"But," asked Uncle Dick, "why didn't you whistle, and scare it away?"
"I tried to, but I couldn't whistle. My mouth was open too wide."

Give a Town a Bad Name—

"Where do we fight next, boss?" asked the ham-and-egg pug, who generally woke up kissing the canvas.
"Kokomo," replied his manager.
"Nuttin' doin', boss. Too many k.o.'s in dat place ter suit me."

Fin

Private John Doughgob—
Sad, sad regrets—
Aged twenty-seven—
French cigarettes.

Lucky Unfortunate!

Flubb: "He says he drinks to drive dull care away."
Dubb: "He's a lucky chap to have that much trouble."

A Crumb of Comfort

Kind Old Lady (to blundering young Frenchman): "Never you mind if they laugh at your mistakes! I'm sure that if we were in your country, some of us would seem quite as ridiculous and stupid to you as you do to us."

Compact

Biggs: "Is this apartment house where you live conveniently arranged?"
Niggs: "Great! Yes! Adjoining families can use the same picture nail."

Reassured

Prospective Tenant: "I'm afraid the draft to the fireplace isn't very good."
Landlady: "Lord love yer, sir, it's wonderful! The last young gempun who lived here had his cat carried up the chimney when it got too near."

Horrors!

Peggy: "Is her family fussy?"
Polly: "Fussy! They won't mention the word toothpick!"

Nature Assisted

"Time seems to have touched your wife lightly, old man."
"Don't fool yourself. It's the beauty specialists who have been doing the touching."

Restful, Too

Plumber A: "Where do you go for your vacation?"
Plumber B: "I take my vacation on the job, as usual."

Good-By

Liza: "An' don't yo' come back here till yo' gets yo' a job."
Rastus: "All right. An' don't yo' blame me if yo' nevah sees me no mo'."

Blame Society

Grandma: "So you're sixteen years old today? I suppose you know a great deal for your age?"
Dorothy: "It's, not my age. It's the times."

Bacterial Daily Dozen

"Deep breathing," the doctor was most sagely saying,
"Destroys all the microbes
And ends up their playing."
"But, doctor," the patient asked
"How am I going
To get 'em to do it?"

—E. D. K.

Going Some

The teacher in a city school was vainly trying to cause her class of wise youngsters to memorize "Mary's Little Lamb." They staggered through the first four lines, but then ran up against a blank mental wall. "It followed her to school one day—" prompted the teacher.
"Yeah," snorted the most sophisticated kid, "an' that lamb must sure have stepped out some to keep up wit' Mary on her way to school nowadays!"

The Ring General

Teacher: "Who was the greatest fighter in the Civil War?"
East Side Kid: "Dis here now Battler Gettysboig."

TAPS

The deaths of Legion Members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

HERBERT L. AMAN, Anthony Wayne Post, Wayne, Pa. Killed in airplane accident, Nov. 5, 1923, Philadelphia. Served as First Lt., Air serv., with 14th Escadrille, American Sec., Italian Army.

EUGENE P. FOX, 138th Inf. Post, St. Louis, Mo. D. Mar. 13, aged 34. First Lt., Co. G, 38th Inf., 35th Div.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

102D ENGR. TRN., 27TH DIV.—Second annual reunion at Kapp's Hotel, Rensselaer, N. Y., Apr. 19. Address W. W. Long, 48 Hudson av., Albany, N. Y.

304TH ENGRS.—Reunion dinner at Engineers' Club, 1317 Spruce st., Philadelphia, 6 p.m., Apr. 26. Address David W. Bainbridge, 4937 Mervine st., Philadelphia.

4TH DIV. ASS'N OF N. Y.—All former 4th Div. men residing in or near New York interested in reunion dinner and smoker in New York City about May 10, address Jacob Rubinoft, 116 W. 39th st., New York City.

These Men Can Be of Service to Distressed Buddies

QUERIES aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The committee wants to hear from the following:

MAJOR NEWTON, who served with Base Hospital No. 91 at Commercy, France.

Former comrades of ISRAEL L. DONDES, Pvt., Bty. B, 311th F. A., and MAJOR REED, Comdr. 1st Bn., 311th F. A., and CAPTAIN PLATT, Bty. B, 311th F. A.

MISS NELLIE CLOSE, head nurse, unit 63; MISS GRACE NEWTON, Red Cross nurse, formerly of 501 W. Beaver av., Philadelphia; JOHN MILTON OXFORD, pharmacist mate, 2/cl., U. S. S. *George Washington*, Sept. 29 or 30, 1918; in connection with claim of Mrs. MARY O'GRADY BUSH.

MISS ELIZABETH SCHMOYER, Evac. Hosp. No. 39, Coblenz, Germany, in connection claim E. A. MURPHY.

RAY W. ASTON and other former members of Bty. E, 127th F. A., who recall injury to JAMES A. ANDERSON in accident, August, 1918, while en route Le Havre to St. Lorraine.

CAPT. RIKE, LIEUTS. RANDOLPH DEANE, HENRY E. BILLINGTON, JAS. K. VARDAMAN, JR., EDMUND J. STEVENSON and WM. M. McDOWELL in connection with claim of ALBERT NELSON, Bty. A, 335th F. A., located at Camp Pike, Ark., 1918.

CHIEF QUARTERMASTER PRIMLEY or PLIMELY, a hospital apprentice and others of the crew of U. S. S. *Cape May* on first trip from Baltimore to St. Nazaire who knew JOHN T. DUNN, chief boatswain mate.

Former members of 75th Co., U. S. Marines who knew HARRY J. SCHULTE now suffering with tuberculosis in Roosevelt Hospital, Michigan.

Former members of 139th T. C. (Trans. Corps?) Station at Abencourt, France, who knew of injury to PVT. LAWRENCE TAYLOR on Jan. 2 or 3, 1919. Also men of 77th T. C.

LARA SMITH, Co. F, 28th Engrs. wants to locate CAPT. HARRY CLARK.

MAJ. SETH H. MARTIN and ARTHUR GUTHRIE, Dev. Bn., Camp Greene, N. C., 1918, and others who knew Cap Kenoyer.

GLEN NYE, formerly of North Platte, Nebr., and other comrades of HERBERT J. LEHMKEHL injured at Brest, France, while with Base Hosp. No. 20.

Former comrades of PVT. FRANK N. GOWER, Co. L, Fifth Marines, who died of wounds received in the Argonne.

Medical officer in charge of Ward 6, Base Hosp., Camp Devens, Mass., on or about Nov. 11, 1918.

Comrades who knew JOHN ELMORE BOOTH of Bty. F, 50th Regt., C. A. C.

HARRY C. ADAMS, former Pvt., Co. D, 26th Engrs. S. C. D. Feb. 19, 1918, left home fall of 1918 and not heard from since.

CLINTON GARRISON who served with Co. M, 53d Inf., Sixth Div., A. E. F., in connection with claim of SAM F. BANEY.



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CLOTHES

Every winning man has a certain indefinable swing, an air of well being and human adequacy, which every failure lacks.

The Kahn tailored man enjoys this advantage to a very high degree. His clothes are tailored beyond the reach of criticism. They are made of the choicest wools by the most careful and expert tailors in the business and minted to styles by the most authoritative designers.

You can see the new spring styles and fabrics at your nearest Kahn dealers—\$30 to \$75.

Let him measure you now for the new Easter outfit.

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Spalding Gloves—50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$7.50, \$8.

Spalding Mitts—\$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, and up to \$15.

Spalding Bats—25c., 50c., \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50.

Spalding Base Balls—10c., 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and the "Official National League" Ball at \$2.

Spalding Base Ball Shoes—\$3.50, \$6, \$8.50 and up.

Now Ready! Spalding's Official Base Ball Guide, 25c.; Official Base Ball Record, 25c.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

New York Chicago San Francisco
and all large cities

The Story of a Lost Million

(Continued from page 13)

reconvenes after the two national political conventions.

Impetus will be given these matters, as well as a great many other considerations affecting the disabled, by the Rehabilitation Committee which will be in session in Washington when this article appears. The committee is composed of one member from each of the fourteen regional districts of the Veterans Bureau. The Legion's liaison officers, one of whom in each district co-ordinates the work of the Legion and the Bureau, also will be in attendance. In addition to legislative matters the committee members will meet with officials of the Veterans Bureau and discuss important suggested changes in Bureau regulations which affect the veterans.

The committee also proposes to make arrangements for a survey of all ex-service men in penal institutions and hospitals for the criminal insane throughout the country. There are some 20,000 veterans in prisons. Local surveys have indicated that a high per-

centage of them are suffering from mental disorders and should be under the care of a physician rather than turnkey. The committee is going to see what can be done to make available to them their rights as disabled ex-service men, with the chance that as many as possible may be cured of the maladies which as much as anything else got them in jail.

For a National Anthem?

YOUR astonished correspondent of the recently has learned that the "Star Spangled Banner" is not the national anthem. It seems that it is the official song and air of the Army and the Navy, but it is not the anthem of the nation. Representative Celler of New York has introduced a bill to correct this oversight. John Thomas Taylor of the Legion's Legislative Committee appeared before the House Committee on Judiciary the other day to support the bill in the name of the Legion.

M. J.

Fighting the Dry Battle of New Mexico

(Continued from page 9)

received money from back home or compensation checks from Uncle Sam.

"Think it's going to rain?" is the popular password with the one hundred and fifty who hold on as a speculation, in the hope that an act of God or of Congress will bring the necessary water. On those rare occasions when it sprinkles or those rarer ones when the clouds burst the homesteader uses every receptacle he can find to catch the rain.

The branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad which runs through this section carries free water, and the accommodating train crew will dis-

gorge it into barrels placed along the track between stations. But keeping the water in the barrels—ah!

In fact, putting a house together isn't nearly as much a problem as keeping together the staves of a bunch of water barrels. But there are many other problems. For example, an innocent, trusting veteran of the World War arrives on the scene with more hope than money, decides that this is the place for him and files on the homestead that is going to provide him and his bedstead forever and a day, but really it may be only a few months before he is completely fed up. If the



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Steady Work No Layoffs
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Common education sufficient.

Ex-Service Men
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Mail coupon
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SURE.

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Sirs: Send me, without charge,
(1) Sample Railway Mail Clerk
Examination questions; (2) List of
Government jobs now obtainable; (3)
Information regarding preference to
ex-service men.

Name.....

Address.....

"THE WEEKLY NEVER HAS MENTIONED MY POST"

DON'T knock the Weekly for a row of question marks because it never has published anything about your post.

Make sure that your post commander, your post adjutant or your post publicity officer lets the Weekly know whenever your post does something that stands out boldly above and beyond the accomplishments of other Legion posts. Make sure that somebody in your post is charged with the duty of keeping the Weekly informed of the big, outstanding ideas and activities that you and your buddies develop. If necessary, introduce resolution at your next post meeting calling for the appointment of a publicity officer to let the Weekly know about the big, worthwhile things.

The Weekly especially wants good photographs which illustrate what your post has done or is doing. It does not want photos of individuals or ordinary group photos. It does want photos which are pictorial sermons on good Legion works—photos which convey at a glance how one post has done something unusual or has done an ordinary thing unusually well.

Right now, the Weekly wants to hear from all posts which have found new or novel ways of making money for their post treasuries. Everybody knows that dances, carnivals and minstrel shows are profitable. But what other good source of post revenue has your post discovered? Tell the editors of the Weekly about them.

SEND ALL LETTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHS TO THE EDITORS
THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, 627 WEST 43D STREET
NEW YORK CITY.

wcomer is going to be so permanent so swell that he wants a log house, Uncle Sam, through the Forestry Service, will let him have the required pine trees. If the new one is willing or if necessity, which is another word for the money, compels him to live in a box of a house, he buys his boards from a sawmill.

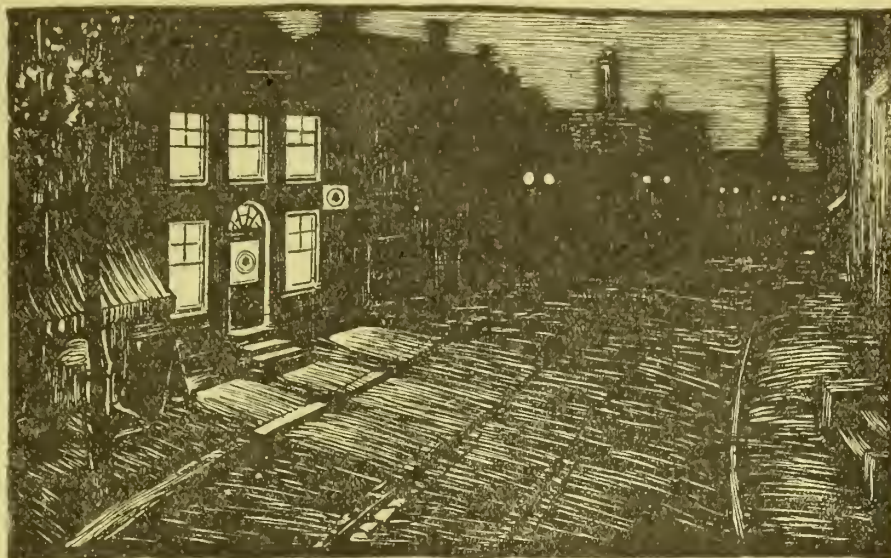
In either case he sends out word that he wants a place to hang his motto, "God Bless Our Home," and will the neighbors, who are anywhere from one to twenty miles distant, show up a week from Saturday? The able-bodied ex-soldier—infantry, cavalry, artillery and navy, as well as the engineers—and the house goes up as if it were a bridge being constructed by an engineer corps under General Pershing.

Let the house once get all its logs up, its roof on and its floor in—kitchen, bedroom and living room usually exist only through imaginary partitions—and the next step on the community program is a house-warming. The builders and their families gather around, the women bringing babies and sandwiches, and to accommodate them inside the house the host moves out bed and baggage—all of his belongings but the lamps and stove. Planks along the walls and the floor serve as seats. The entertainment consists chiefly of dancing and coffee-drinking, the host providing the coffee and a local jazz orchestra of three. An ex-army cook generally presides over the pots—coffee and jack. Although the floor is rough, the modern dances get danced in some way or other, and the old timers who dote on square dances never let little things like knot-holes, cracks and splinters spoil their pleasure.

With the house up and the dance over the ex-service homesteader starts paying the piper. In his case the piper is the United States Government, which insists on being paid for the homestead in hard work. Home was never like this homestead, nor was even the sweating S. O. S. Gnarled and dried up old piñon trees are scattered over the two hundred and fifty acres, and acre after acre has to be cleared. Where there are no trees there's sage, and grubbing sage in the hot sun is comparable only to digging in in rock under shell fire, according to these fighters of the dry battle of New Mexico. When a fellow's been at it for an hour or so all his feelings are in his hands and back, and his feelings are easily hurt.

If the homesteader has the courage and the capital, he or another more unfortunate person clears off and breaks land on enough acres to satisfy the Government, builds a stable and corral, and shows Uncle Sam his good intentions by at least starting a stock-proof fence, with each fencepost counting toward the total amount of improvements required under the homestead law. Wire alone is an item costing several hundred dollars, even the cheapest. Any dams for catching water when it rains also count, as does the digging of a well, no matter whether it turns out dry or damp. Say you dig a hole in the ground and keep digging for forty days until you decide that the blankety-blank cavity ain't ever going to be a well, the Government nevertheless allows you to figure reasonable wages at \$2.50 a day on your improvement account for gambling with Nature.

"The water's there!" You hear that everywhere, but those who have struck it can be counted on fingers of the one



In the Dead of Night

In the dead of night a fire breaks out—the alarm must be given. A child is taken sick—the doctor must be called. A thief enters the home—the police must be located.

In the dead of night the American turns to his telephone, confident he will find it ready for the emergency. He knows that telephone exchanges are open always, the operators at their switchboards, the wires ready to vibrate with his words. He has only to lift the receiver from its hook to hear that calm, prompt "Number, please." The constant availability of his telephone gives him security, and makes his life more effective in wider horizons.

Twenty-four-hour service, which is the standard set by the Bell System, is the exception in the service of Continental Europe. An emergency may occur at any time. Continuous and reliable service has become a part of the social and economic fibre of American life.



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CABLE GRIP Adjustable Cover Remover and Sealer is taking the country by storm. One man sold 120 in 10 1-2 hours. Also made 21 sales in 21 calls. **Make \$10 to \$20 Daily. 200% Profit.** Sells to every home. Opens EASILY any size bottle or jar; seals fruit jars perfectly, saving contents. Sample 25c. **SEND \$2 FOR SAMPLE DOZEN.**
BOYLE LOCK CO.
286 Walker St. Detroit, Mich.



AGENTS

Sharpens dulled knives, scissors, sickles, etc., quickly. Fine for removing insulation from electric wires. A Demonstration sells it. Sent postpaid for 50c. Price to agents \$2 a Dozen.

Hustlers
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200% Profit

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TWO BLUE SAPPHIRES are set in the shanks of this 18 kt. solid white gold engraved and pierced ring to add beauty and style.

FREE TRIAL NO RED TAPE

Just send \$2.00 deposit to show your good faith (or pay postman \$2.00 on delivery) and we will send this handsome diamond ring. The balance you can pay in ten small monthly installments of \$6.70 each—total price, \$69.00. Former price, \$100.00. Give finger size.

ALL DEALINGS CONFIDENTIAL
No one knows you are buying on our dignified credit system unless you tell them yourself. A written guarantee accompanies each ring. You can return the ring within ten days if not satisfied. Send order today.

Write for Bargain Catalog
It brings our large jewelry store right into your home. It tells the exact weights and quality so you can buy like an expert. See valuable information on page 6.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
(Diamond Importers—\$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879)
63 PARK ROW, Dept. 1643, NEW YORK

hand. One of the lucky ones was a wealthy rancher who had enough money to keep a drill at work until his hole in the ground began bubbling after three hundred and seventy feet of the hardest kind of drilling. But the fortune he had in his well and in land and live stock did not keep him from blowing out his brains when false word that his shipment of a trainload of sheep had busted the market preceded a telegram telling of their sale for enough to buy a hundred dry ranches.

Most of the holes in this section, whether dug or drilled, turn out dry because of the layer of *mal pais*, "bad rock," the very much damned volcanic stuff that underlies the country. Picks make no impression on it. Dynamite is of little more use than a dud because of the fissures. Drills are ruined if not lost in it. But—the water's there!

And there it stays, down below the *mal pais*, or flows down the deep canyon of the Rio Grande. There's a standing joke in the country that a certain ex-service man who has filed on a high and dry homestead five hundred feet above the Rio Grande with nothing in its favor but the view is sitting pretty waiting for the Rio Grande to rise and flood his land so he can sue the Government for damages.

In the struggle to put into a homestead the necessary improvements, there are various sidelines besides talking about water and listening about it. A few men now and then hire out to do M. P. duty with the cattle of some stockman. Certain ones join the hunts for wild horses on Timber Mountain and draw their share of the sales. Many try their luck during the winter at trapping, chiefly for coyotes—the bounty is two dollars per capita, and the skins sell for eight dollars to twelve.

With some of the homesteaders hunting jack rabbits is a sport, with others it is a necessity in order to have meat for the table, and for the benefit of those who don't know jack it is herewith pointed out that he is much more to be enjoyed as a sport than as a table delicacy, unless you are an Indian.

Not the least important of extra-homestead occupations is picking porcupine quills out of your dog. Another sideline is keeping Mister Pack Rat from eating your food and carrying away to his own little homestead anything bright, such as cutlery, money and fancy neckties.

A few veterans in the district keep the pot going—the home fires cost only the labor of gathering and chopping wood—by working at odd jobs for those who have not the strength but who have the money through compensation or otherwise to get their work and im-

provements done by others. The Kansas wheat fields as a source of income have been tried by several veterans, among them an ex-lawyer and a "lunger" whose compensation was cut to \$0.00 per day, per month, per year.

On a dry homestead a single dollar or the lack of it may become a tremendously important thing. Chiefly because of the difficulty in getting together enough of the coin of the republic, over fifty percent of the ex-service men in this dry-farm district have not yet put into their homesteads a quarter of the improvements required by the Government before any homesteader can enter into complete possession of his claim. A majority have taken up their respective tract as a speculation, to do simply enough work to prove up, get a clear title and sell out at a great profit when God or country shall bring sufficient water at the desired times of the year.

With nothing to fall back on, all these ex-service men have suffered both in mind and in body as a result of two bad years—the drought of 1922 ruined every crop; the few untimely rains of 1923 added to the ranks of "blowed-up suckers," those with no crops and no money. In this district are ex-service men and their families who know what it is to live for months on one or two foods. Seeing a lean period ahead of him, one man put his few remaining dollars into oatmeal and on that alone got through last winter. Another never wants to see an egg again, but he is grateful to his chickens for providing him with food. A certain family had only bread and wild honey until neighbors found out their plight.

Here and there a baby arrives without the proper care for mother and child, with no money for the right kinds of food for them. Schools are few and many miles from most homesteads; for the young children there is no instruction unless the parents give it to them. "I'm teaching my two," says one mother. "They're sounding their letters and counting, and the oldest one can sound out a word."

Your fighter in New Mexico isn't a belly-acher even though his stomach may be so empty that he'd be glad to have a chance at the old chow line with its canned willie and goldfish. "One good year and things will be a lot different," he says. "When we have a few rains at the right time you ought to see what this soil does. The wheat and beans can't be beat. The oats are the nicest, tamest oats ever raised for man or beast. The potatoes are huge, lovely, mealy spuds—ten thousand pounds to the acre. It's a great country, but—"

It's dry except when it rains at the wrong time.

With Privilege of Stopover

(Continued from page 8)

man, this Hornaday; Bill had to respect him. He was infernally plausible, and, though he was undoubtedly doing some lying, he was telling the truth, too, to some extent, and it was hard to sift the false from the true.

"I don't," he said, frankly. "You know that. I'll tell you, if you care to know it, that I think you're a liar as well as a crook—that I don't believe, for one minute, that Governor Winston had any such part in this show as you say he has. I did think he had until about five minutes ago. But

I don't believe any man who was fool enough to trust you would ever have been elected dog catcher, much less Governor!"

For the first time Hornaday betrayed anger.

"You've got a gun," he said, after a moment of struggle for self-control, during which his face was black with fury. "So you can say what you please. But—some day I'll take that out of your hide."

"Fine—that's a promise," said Bill. "Meanwhile—"

He stopped for reflection.
"Wayne—where's that chauffeur?" he said.
"Around, somewhere," said Wayne. "Want him?"
"I want him abolished—temporarily. Got a gun? No? Here—I've got a spare. Go find him and persuade him to go upstairs with you. There's a whole lot of rope in the kitchen. Tie him down on one of the beds—any one. He'll let you."
"Right!" said Wayne.
"Jerry!" The note of command rang out in Hornaday's voice. "I suppose you know what this means for you?"
"Sure!" said Wayne. And went off, whistling. It seemed to Bill that both pride and affection were in Barbara's eyes as she looked after him, and he thought she had never looked better. She was a mighty nice girl; if this mess could be straightened out he was going to do it. He hoped Wayne knew what a lucky chap he was.
No one spoke at all while Wayne was gone. Nor was there any sound to indicate that the chauffeur had put up a fight. But Bill hadn't thought he would. He was the sort of chauffeur whose interest in life begins and ends with a gasoline engine. Wayne came back smiling, unruffled. His glance went from Bill to Hornaday and back to Bill again.
"Yes," said Bill. "Just for the night, Mr. Hornaday. You won't mind too much?"
"If you mean you think I'm going to let you tie me up—" roared Hornaday.
"I do," said Bill. "That's exactly what I do mean."
"I think not," said Hornaday, recovering his poise. "You're not going to shoot me—I know that, and you know I know it."
"Of course I'm not," said Bill. "But—had you noticed? This gun has a butt as well as a barrel of sorts. And while I wouldn't shoot you for anything I wouldn't mind a bit tapping you over the head with the other end. Now—up with you!"
"You'd better," said Wayne. And his voice, all at once, was dangerous. "I don't like all this stuff you've been pulling. I don't like being mixed up in it."
"Barbara—!" Hornaday turned to her. "I appeal to your good sense! I—"
"Oh, crown him and be done with it!" said Barbara, viciously. "I believe either of you could wipe up the floor with him, gun or no gun!"
Wayne looked surprised. But Bill just remembered his own treatment from her in the earliest stages of their acquaintance and grinned. Hornaday, muttering, rose and with a very bad grace indeed, obeyed Bill's gesture and walked through the door. From the kitchen came violent sounds, as of one kicking against wood.
"Garvin," said Bill. "He wants to be a secretary. We'll attend to him later—tuck him in for the night, and all. That door on the right, Mr. Hornaday—"
But that was a mistake of judgment on Bill's part. It was the first opportunity he had offered to Hornaday—and it was seized with a promptness that, later, won reluctant words of praise from Bill. The room was dark. Hornaday, as he turned to go through the door, flung himself forward. He



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carried the sash with him as he went through the window; Bill and Wayne, not more than two steps behind, saw him disappear into the woods; heard his defiant laugh.

When they turned Barbara stood in the door. For a moment she regarded their woe-begone faces; then she laughed.

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "He can't do much harm by himself! And we've got his car, haven't we?"

"We will have," said Bill, grimly. "I suppose looking for a needle in a haystack would be simple beside trying to find Hornaday tonight!"

"It would be silly even to try," said Barbara. "Come along. What can we take to help get that car started? If we could get it turned around—"

"We'll have to ease it up to this turnout to do that," said Wayne.

"I wish we could get on up to that other house," said Bill. "But I suppose there's no use—"

"We wouldn't find anything, if we did," said Barbara. "I haven't any idea, now, that my father's there. Mr. Hornaday just wanted to get me out of the way. And that makes me sure—"

"That he was lying about the whole plot? Me, too!" said Bill. "This thing's deeper than any of us have been able to guess yet. I mean—there's a whole lot more than a rate schedule or two concerned. I can't imagine what—"

"Neither can I," said Barbara. "But there's certainly something. And it's frightfully mysterious. After all, you know, while a Governor has a good deal of power, he can't do so very much by himself—the legislature still has something to say."

"I'll bet that's the clew," said Bill. "If any of us had any line on legislation here—aren't there some thirty-day bills awaiting the Governor's action, or something like that? A joker in some innocent looking bill might account for the whole mess."

"We're not going to find anything out here, anyway," said Wayne, pointedly. "I saw some sacks—and if we take some blankets we ought to be able to get traction for those back wheels."

XII

THE chances of moving Hornaday's car looked bad enough, at first glance, when they reached it again. It was a big, heavy sedan; powerful enough, of course, but with a pretty big dead weight to overcome on a steep grade. But the storm was beginning to abate its violence; there was that sense that comes, at a certain moment in every storm, of an approaching end of tumult.

With Barbara at the wheel Bill and Wayne went to work to get the car started. They wrapped sacks about the wheels, over the useless chains; they crawled underneath and made a bed of blankets for the wheels to grip if once they took hold. It was slow work; the car would start; slide back; balk and rear like some living thing. And then, all at once, it was off; the wheels held; in a great crashing and splashing it gained headway and Barbara carried it triumphantly to the crest of the slope that had defeated it, and, laughing, turned it herself, before the two men could reach her.

Bill took the wheel for the long, treacherous descent; it was a trip that no sane man would have undertaken, on such a night, except under the stress

of desperate need. But it had to be done. Headlights and spot were focused on the trail; in low speed, foot always on the brake, Bill eased the big car down, constantly on the alert for signs of a slide—for the whole trail might well have been carried away at any one of a hundred places. Once they had to stop for a fallen tree, while Bill and Wayne worked to clear it from the path; twice they had to fill great holes with brush and rubbish to give the car a chance to pass.

Never, it seemed to Bill, had he been so tired as when, at last, the feel of a good dirt road was beneath them again, and the car leaped forward, like something freed from prison. It was still raining, but gently now, and the wind had died down, until it came only in gusty puffs of decreasing strength. It was very late; long after midnight. Bill had no idea of where they were, but both Barbara and Wayne, of course, knew the country well. And Barbara was all for going home. Wayne took the wheel; Bill slumped in the back of the car and let the others have their way.

He slept for a time. But a patch of rough road awoke him, and after that, when they struck the smooth concrete of a state road, he could by no means go to sleep again, but sat up straight, thinking, trying to unravel the puzzle.

He couldn't decide whether he and Barbara had, on the whole, gained or lost by the night's work. They had, for one thing, stolen Hornaday's car; it was quite possible that Hornaday might be able to make unpleasant use of that fact.

He wasn't, himself, notably proud of his handling of the situation in the last twenty-four hours. Galloway had left him in charge of Martin; he had let Martin get away. He had had Hornaday in his power—and Hornaday, too, had escaped. That, however, was less serious; he couldn't possibly, as matters stood, have held Hornaday and Garvin for more than a few hours, but must have sent some one to release them.

And the outstanding fact was that he was no nearer, now, to knowing where Governor Winston was than he had been when he left Barbara in Seattle. He was pretty sure of one thing: that Winston wasn't any great distance away. It seemed certain that Hornaday would want him within reach; certain, too, that the Governor was in no danger. In the final analysis, of course, no matter what Hornaday said, and no matter what had actually happened thus far, Hornaday's scheme, whatever it turned to be, must depend upon Winston's agreement.

But, no matter what line his thoughts followed, he came up, always, against the blank wall of the impossibility of understanding Winston's motive for acquiescing, as, to some extent, he certainly had done, in his own abduction. That was the unknown quantity—and it suddenly occurred to Bill, to his great comfort, that it might be a factor as unknown, as mysterious, and as puzzling to Hornaday as to him. Galloway, he believed, knew the answer; he didn't think anyone else did.

It began to come to him that Winston must be playing a desperate game; a game in which just about everything that could make the rest of his life worth living was at stake. For he was now definitely beginning to share Barbara's faith in the man; to believe in

him, somehow, in spite of all that stood against him.

It was astonishing, really, how little he knew of Winston; how little thought, indeed, he had given to him as a human being, a man. He had thought of him as the Governor of a great state, an ambitious, hopeful politician, with just an outside chance of going very far—as far, even, as the White House. And he had thought of him as Barbara's father, and as a figure in a conspiracy almost sordid in its character.

But he hadn't thought of him at all, really, as a man with ordinary human motives and emotions. Winston wasn't an old man at all. He was in the prime of life; as he thought about him, now, Bill doubted whether he had yet seen his forty-fifth birthday. Barbara's mother, Bill supposed, was dead; she and her father were, plainly enough, devoted to one another. But he must have an emotional life outside of his relation to Barbara; he was as far from being the sort of man to be satisfied with so vicarious a fulfillment of all emotional desire and experience as Bill could ever remember having seen.

And here, it seemed to Bill, was a wholly new field to be explored in the search for a solution of the mystery. Barbara, quite probably, wouldn't know much; wouldn't be able to give him any clew worth following. She would, he thought, have spoken of it, had she known of any love interest in her father's recent life; they had gone pretty far along the road of intimate revelation in their long talks in Seattle.

But it was easy to suppose that Barbara was ignorant of anything of the sort. Men of Winston's age are likely to be reticent about such things, especially with their grown children. Moreover, Barbara had been abroad for some time; she must have landed in New York only a few hours before Bill saw her, for the first time in his life, on the Twentieth Century, and incurred, so innocently, her displeasure. He had forgotten, if she had told him, just how long she had been abroad; at least six months, he supposed. And much might have happened in six months that Winston, meeting her at the pier and traveling across the continent with her, had not told her.

Again—Galloway probably knew. This was another but, distinctly, a minor, mystery—the intimacy between Winston and Galloway. But again here was something of which Barbara had not known.

Barbara sat in the front seat with Wayne. The boy drove well; his hand was light on the wheel; he wasn't in the least afraid to drive a strange car for all it was worth—and that was a good deal. Bill leaned forward to look at the speedometer; they were holding an even fifty-five miles an hour—safely enough, to be sure, for the road was perfect, and at that small hour of a rainy morning there was no traffic. They hadn't passed or met another car since coming into the state road.

There was something gallant about the pose of Barbara's head as she sat there, even though, now, her weariness was plainly to be seen. She drooped toward Wayne; swayed, caught herself, to sit, bolt upright for a moment, and then swayed again. A nice girl—a corker, Bill felt. He laughed at his memory of how he had, at first, disliked her.

He never had liked a girl like Barbara, though. His type, for choice, had

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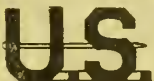
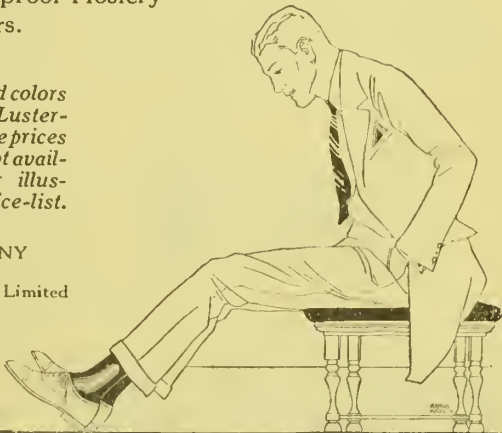
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fluffy, blonde hair, and big, blue eyes, and an appealing manner. And, even that first day, on the train out of New York Barbara had seemed to him what he always called Ritz. He didn't mind that faintly arrogant manner of hers now; it amused him. But—the way she'd jumped on him in Chicago! The way she'd taken it for granted that he was just trying to flirt with her! Wayne would have his hands full with her; that was sure. A nice kid, Wayne; he hoped they'd make a go of it.

Bill wondered, rather, if he'd ever get married himself. There'd been girls, of course; plenty of them. But something always seemed to happen. The war had smashed his most promising romance. And, since he'd come home, he'd been too much of a drifter to think much about getting married. He hadn't seemed to take hold; hadn't found any job that really appealed to him enough to make him dig in and start to build his life on definite and permanent foundations.

He had no idea that the job he'd been on his way to take when his chance meeting with the Winstons in Chicago had diverted him would prove to be any better than the others he had had. He was going to Los Angeles to work for his brother who'd made a lot of money out there in real estate, and was perfectly willing, and even anxious, to share his good luck with Bill. But he knew how it was likely to be. He might be a good salesman; he might not. In either case, it would be astonishing if he kept at it more than six months.

"Hello—you awake?"

Barbara's voice roused him from his dreaming. He grinned at her.

"Just about!" he said. "How about you?"

"I'm dead! And it's no fair for me to go asleep here, because I fall over on Jerry, and he's got to drive. Last time I looked you were all sprawled out—here—I'm coming back now, though!"

She suited the action to the word, and came back, over the seat. She sank into the deep rear seat cushions with a sigh of luxurious relaxation; pulled one of the extra seats into place for her feet, and then nestled frankly against Bill.

"Put your arm around me!" she ordered. She laughed. "This isn't affection—it's for comfort I want it!" she said. "Now—good night!"

And in one minute she was asleep. Wayne turned for a moment and grinned at Bill.

And Bill, puzzled, almost embarrassed, returned the grin, and hated himself because he knew how sheepish his own smile was. He was conscious of Barbara now in a new, strange way as he looked down at her. She was so small, and sweet, and wistful, now that she was asleep. He could see how misleading some of the lines and contours of her face were, when she was awake. Why—she was just a kid!

There was something thrilling, something amazingly grateful to all sorts of odd and subtle prides and instincts in him, about the way she leaned against him; about this complete surrender of herself to his safe-keeping. And he sensed, very vaguely, why that was; what was implied in this gesture of hers. It was confidence; this was the measure of her trust in him. It came to him, all at once, there in that swaying, speeding car, that never, in his

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life, had he known a girl who could have done a thing like this.

His arm drew her close to him; closer still. And she stirred, in her sleep, and settled down, and her hand reached, blindly, for his, and groped among his fingers until they closed about it, and she sighed, luxuriously, and slept. And so, after a little time, did he, until the end of movement awoke him, and he blinked at Wayne's grinning face.

"Last stop—all out!" said Wayne. It didn't occur to Bill, until later, to wonder why Wayne didn't seem to mind. He would have; he knew that darned well.

"Dead to the world—poor kid!" said Wayne. "Here—I don't believe we need to wake her—let's just carry her in. A good sport, Bab, if the Lord ever made one!"

"I'll say she is!" said Bill.

They did manage, awkwardly enough, to get her out of the car and up the steps of the porch. But she awoke then, and slid out of Wayne's arms to stand, shakily, on her feet. Bill was stiff and reeling.

"Angels!" she said, and smiled impartially upon them both. "No one's awake, of course—we haven't a chance to wake them, either! But there's a way in—I've used it often after a late party, when I didn't have a key—"

"I know!" said Wayne. "That trick window in the Governor's library! Wonder a burglar hasn't spotted that, Bab."

They were in the house a minute later, after Wayne had done a little expert work with a loose window fastener and a penknife. Barbara waved her hands at two open doors when they reached the second floor.

"I hope the beds are made!" she said. "Good night!"

XIII

IT was Barbara's voice, as fresh and clear as if the night before hadn't been real at all, that awakened Bill some time during the next morning.

"Breakfast in fifteen minutes—if you want it with Jerry and me!" she said. "You've time for a bath. Coming down?"

"Sure!" said Bill. "How do you feel?"

"Glorious!" she said. "You will, too, after a bath—take it as hot as you can stand it! Do hurry, won't you?"

He got up at once. He was stiff; all his muscles ached as he moved. But that wasn't surprising, and it would wear off. He went to the window and looked out. Distant, snow-topped mountains showed across long spaces of valley land; the sun was shining; there wasn't a cloud in the blue sky. A cool, fresh wind blew in upon him; it was a day full of the joy of living. And he hurried to be done with his bathing and his dressing—though it wasn't an easy thing to give up the luxury of lying in hot water and go about the shocking business of donning the clothes he had stripped off the night before.

He hadn't shaved for two days; he was suddenly conscious of what a figure he was going to cut downstairs. But he didn't care; Wayne wouldn't look much better, probably. Later he'd retrieve his bag. And, for the present, his appearance needn't matter.

Barbara shrieked when she saw him.

ATTENTION!

HAROLD W. ROSS

Former Managing Editor in France of

THE STARS AND STRIPES

and for the last three years editor of

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"Poor dear!" she said. "I never thought! Jerry knows the house—he found a razor. Never you mind, though—you look very nice, anyway."

He hated Wayne, though, when that young man turned up with smoothly shaven cheeks. It was distinctly unfair; Wayne, with his light hair, wouldn't have looked bad, anyway. Whereas Bill had no illusions at all about himself in his present guise. All he could do, however, was to avoid mirrors.

A Chinese boy served the breakfast. But Mrs. O'Neill came in to see that everything was all right. She smiled grimly when she saw Bill.

"You might better have stayed the night as you were bid!" she said. "Driving all night to take Miss Barbara her woollies—I could have told you she'd have changed her mind by the time you found her! And I'll wager you didn't sleep in a Christian bed that night at all!"

"You'd win, Mrs. O'Neill," said Bill. "Such goings on! The Governor going off in the middle of the night—with never a word to anyone! And the newspapers and senator this and assemblyman that calling up the whole day long to ask when will he be at home!"

"What did you tell them, Meggles?" said Barbara.

"The half of nothing! I've been in this house long enough to know when I don't know anything! I wouldn't so much as tell them he'd been here at all!"

"Good!" cried Bill. "I say—" He stopped, under the housekeeper's curious stare.

"More cakes, Wang," said Barbara, crisply. And when he had gone: "Look here, Meggles—things are in an awful mess! Dad wasn't here at all. That was some one else—steady—don't let Wang know—"

While the Chinaman served fresh cakes Mrs. O'Neill stood, her mouth open, staring. And when he had gone for more Barbara went on:

"Mr. Patterson here found out what was going on. If anyone calls up don't tell them anything—not that I'm here, even. We—we don't know, even, where Dad is." Just for a moment her voice broke. But then she caught the old, gallant note again. "But we will—soon. And we're sure he's all right."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us—!"

A peal of the front door bell interrupted her.

"Go yourself—quick—don't let anyone know we're here—"

Through the open door there came, from the hall, the sound of excited voices. And suddenly Bill jumped up.

"All right!" he cried. "It's all right, Mrs. O'Neill—let him come in—"

He turned to Barbara and Wayne, who had risen, infected by Bill's eagerness.

"It's Galloway!" he said. "Now—"

Into the dining-room came Galloway. But he wasn't alone. He was half leading, half carrying, the wretched, ragged figure of the man who had, less than forty-eight hours before, dined at that very table in the presentment of its owner—Martin!

"Martin!" cried Bill. "You got him—!"

"He got me," said Galloway, dryly. "And he's ready to come across and tell us everything he knows!"

(To be continued)

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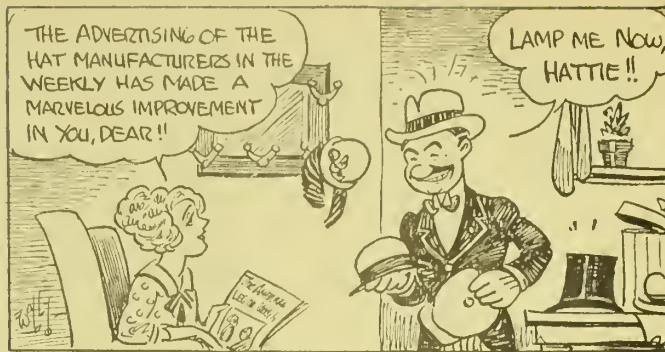
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Our Next Number: Buddy Sings "Hymn of Hat"

Buddy is about to broadcast another yelp for 'elp thro' his old brown derby.

The notion of buying a brand-new hat is on his brain. And during this plea for assistance, he begs his helpers to come to attention in a millinery manner.

Not since his overseas bun cover shrank in the rains of funny France to the size of a pipe terbacker pouch has his head felt so—or, naked.

Although weighed down by the burdens of Atlas, Buddy's not hatless. His hall hat tree is loaded with human coconut shells.

There's the old russet dicer. He won it in 1921 on a bet that he wouldn't get adjusted compensation until the 15th of March, 1922, quit idling. Well, he copped that wager by a unanimous majority. A regular Derby winner.

The old brown derby, she ain't what she used to be. Been sat on at ball parks, knocked off in street cars, blown off in tornadoes and bumped off by checkroom pirates. It has weathered floods, riots, caucuses and national conventions.

The crown is dented as if eighteen umbrella handles, three ball bats, two shillalehs and a paper-hanger's staircase had leaned against it. The rim sags like Buddy's spirits when he puts on this calamity Kelly.

Still, he wears it with an air of aplomb. (A long shot less affluent-looking than the air of a plumber.)

Then there's the beloved soft hat, which he keeps out of sentiment and reach of the poodle.

Darned chic chapeau, for the shape it's in. But it makes Buddy look soft-headed. It has more creases than a cinq-franc note in a port of debarkation crap game. To wear this hat in public and get away with it is a marvelous test of skull.

Once it had a shape, however. That was before the wife led Buddy through a barrage of marked-down fish platters on a shopping expedition.

One other item in his kelly cache is a traveling cap. Next time the old clo' man calls, says the wife, this cap is going to travel. It flops over Buddy's pan like an over-stuffed wheatacake.

Unless Buddy's helpers heed his wail, he'll soon have to dig up the skull furniture of his warrior days. He still has that rival of the shrinking violet, his under-sized overseas cap. He has the good old, wide-brimmed campaigner, which the top-kick told him to wear over his eyes and not on the back of his head, "like a colletch rah-rah."

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has won an original Wolly cartoon for sending in the greatest number of coupons on the Bread and Flour Buddy Talk.

Third Contest Now On!

To the post having enough team-work among its members to send in the most coupons from this Talk, Buddy will give the original of one of Wolly's famous cartoons.

If necessary he'll strap on his dependable, shrapnel-proof gunbonnet. This will certainly give the junkman a treat. Anyhow, the old tin trench toque holds its shape, and it's guaranteed to shed hail, sleet, rain and anti-compensation tear drops.

But Easter is coming. New hats are in order. Buddy wouldn't lend color to the scene. But not disguised as an egg.

Among Buddy's backers are many judges of good lids. The sales talks of national advertisers don't go over their heads. They know the hat manufacturers and dealers whose head-work should be advertised in The Weekly.

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THEY ADVERTISE
LET'S PATRONIZE

A Fighter's Frank Letter

How One Man Smashed Through the Reactions of War

From \$1750 to \$6250 per Year---In 15 Months

"My story goes back a long way to the days when we were waiting in the Argonne for that last push which finished the war and cast forth thousands of men on an unfeeling world.

"I knew of Pelmanism in those days—who, in France, didn't? My dugout mate was a keen Pelmanist, and spent hours over the Little Gray Books. 'After three doses of your Pelmanism I am now a General'—that was my feeling regarding Pelmanism. I scoffed at it. There must be something in it, I thought, but they claim too much

"Anyway, the day came when George rather carelessly received a furlough. After cursing him for his good luck and packing his kit I sent him down the line and returned to my dugout to magnificent solitude. It was some days later, searching for something, anything, to read, I came across George's Pelman books. I read, lightly at first but gradually my interest grew. From then on I studied keenly. That period of study made a change in me—a change not easy to define. Put bluntly, it gave me the grit to prepare for civil life. I knew the war was finishing. I knew I should have to return to civil work—what, I didn't know, and till then I hadn't much cared. But Pelmanism aroused in me an inordinate ambition to get on; it gathered together my scattered mind, which had been wandering uncontrolled among the shell holes.

"It was months later before I finally cast off the shackles of militarism, but I came out with the Pelman spirit, the Pelman intent, and the push which one gains with self-confidence. I got a job at \$1,750 a year. That was fifteen months ago. To-day I am getting \$6,250 a year.

"Recently I saw a statement that the revised Pelman Course is 100 per cent. better than the old. I decided to enroll. I find it is many hundreds per cent. better to me, and for this reason—I am now submitting work sheets—a thing I could not do in the old course. This brings me into touch with the director of studies; his correction, his suggestions, his enthusiastic help, are such as to throw an entirely new light on the reading of the books.

"I give me, the confidence and the decision, I mean to double my salary in the coming year, or know why."

Most people to-day are living half lives. Their mental engines are running at half speed. They are not making full use of their mental resources. For the majority of people to-day are troubled with all kinds of inertias which are keeping them down below the level to which their natural abilities would otherwise carry them.

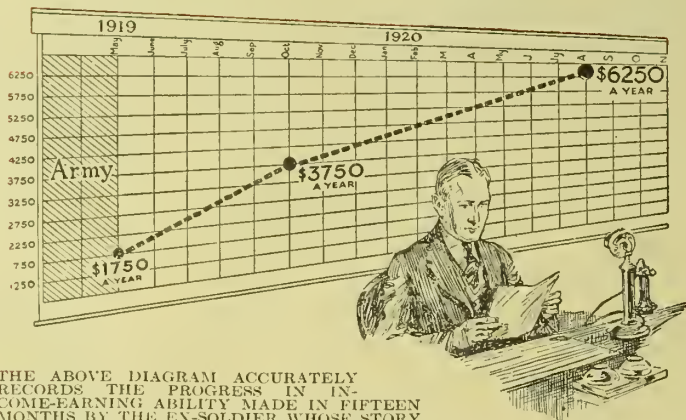
To quote a famous Army neurologist: "We are living far below the limits of our possible selves; and there are open to us resources of power which will free us for a life of energy and strength."

In order to become successful we must free our energies from these clogging inertias, open up the reservoirs of power which exist in every brain, and make our minds keen, clear, bright and efficient. You have at your service a method which will enable them to do this. And the best time to begin is Now.

20 Personal Questions

Make a test of your efficiency to-day by answering for yourself the following questions:

1. Are you a first-class organizer?
2. Have you directive power?
3. Can you originate valuable ideas?
4. Are you a logical reasoner?



THE ABOVE DIAGRAM ACCURATELY RECORDS THE PROGRESS IN INCOME-earning ABILITY MADE IN FIFTEEN MONTHS BY THE EX-SOLDIER WHOSE STORY IS GIVEN BELOW IN HIS OWN WORDS. READERS WISHING TO OBTAIN FULL PARTICULARS OF THE METHOD WHICH LED TO SUCH REMARKABLE RESULTS SHOULD USE THE COUPON PRINTED ON THIS PAGE.

5. Do you remain calm and unfurried when faced with a crisis?
6. Can you master difficult subjects easily?
7. Have you a strong personality?
8. Have you a strong will?
9. Are you a persuasive talker?
10. Can you convince people who are doubtful or even hostile?
11. Do you decide quickly and correctly?
12. Can you solve knotty problems easily?
13. Do you remember what you read?
14. Can you remember details as well as main principles?
15. Have you an accurate and ready memory?
16. Can you remember dates, statistics, faces, telephone numbers, and long lists of facts?
17. Can you concentrate your mind on one thing for a long time?
18. Can you work hard without suffering from brain-fag?
19. Are you ready to take responsibility?
20. Are you earning a larger income than you were a year ago?

If you are not satisfied with your answers to these important questions, then use the coupon printed on this page and obtain, free of charge, full particulars of the Pelman Course.

The Pelman Course

The Pelman Course is founded on the experiences of over 650,000 men and women who have trained on Pelman lines. It also embodies the latest discoveries in Business Psychology. Sir William Robertson Nicoll, the editor of the "British Weekly," says:

"Psychology as a science remained largely outside the ken of the average man until the finding of the scientists was linked up with the facts of everyday life by Pelmanism. Pelmanism makes available for practical purposes what the scientific investigator has discovered by years of patient laboratory research."

"For practical purposes." Note this phrase. Pelmanism is essentially practical. It provides a course of mental training which benefits everyone who practices it. Everyone. Scarcely a profession, business, trade or occupation in the world is unrepresented in the long roll of Pelman students.

Defects Banished

Amongst the defects which keep so many men and women back are:

Forgetfulness
Brain-Fag
Inertia
Weakness of Will
Lack of Ideas
Indefiniteness
Timidity
Mind-Wandering
Indecision
Shyness
Lack of System
Procrastination
Slowness
Mental Confusion

Pelmanism banishes these and many other defects. It sweeps them away. It makes your brain keen, fresh, vigilant and reliant. It renews your vigor. It enables you to press on unflinchingly to your goal.

Qualities Developed

Here are some of the qualities Pelmanism develops. They are qualities of the utmost practical value to you, whatever your position in life may be:

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| —Concentration | —Executive Power |
| —Observation | —Self-confidence |
| —Perception | —Driving Power |
| —Judgment | —Self-control |
| —Initiative | —Tact |
| —Will-power | —Reliability |
| —Decision | —Salesmanship |
| —Resourcefulness | —Originality |
| —Organizing Power | —A Reliable Memory |
| —Forcefulness | |

These are the qualities which make the difference between a leader and a follower, between one who dares and does, and one who weakly drifts through life, between Success and Failure. And these are the qualities you can develop by means of Pelmanism.

How to Become a Pelmanist

"Scientific Mind Training" is a book which throws the searchlight of truth on Pelmanism. Clear, incisive, fascinating, it describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It shows clearly why and how Pelmanism has positive benefits for all sexes, all classes, all ages, from the boy of 14 to the man or woman at the end of life. It shows how to keep the mind young, keen, active. In its pages will be found the testimony and experience of men and women of every trade and profession, telling how Pelmanism led them to unexpected heights of social, financial and intellectual success. Your copy is ready for you. It is absolutely free. This can be the golden moment of your life. Don't hesitate. Don't put it off. ACT NOW—send for "Scientific Mind Training" to-day. The coupon is your opportunity. Pelman Institute of America, Suite 104, 2575 Broadway, New York City.

PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 104, 2575 Broadway, New York.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free booklet, "Scientific Mind Training."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(All correspondence strictly confidential,
no salesmen will call)